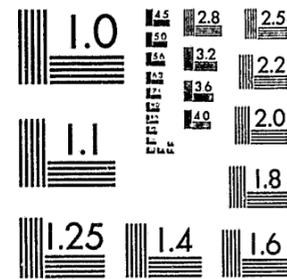


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a
report
on
**Spousal Violence
Against Women
in Kentucky**

by
Louise Howell

U.S. Department of Justice
National Institute of Justice

This document is a report prepared by the Kentucky Commission on Women for the National Institute of Justice. It is a preliminary report and is not intended to represent the official position of the U.S. Department of Justice.

Prepared by the Kentucky Commission on Women
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Further information may be obtained from the National Institute of Justice.

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(Editor's Note: Passages of interviews contained in this report have been edited only in terms of deletion for the sake of conciseness. Quoted material is verbatim.)

INTRODUCTION

I walked into the kitchen, and I put my baby in the high chair. I walked back in and he said something to me. My back was turned, that's when he came in and just whapped me from behind. It just kind of dazed me a little bit because I wasn't expecting it at the time. He hit me on the head, and then he grabbed me by the hair and threw me up against the wall. . . . I remember I ran upstairs and he came up. . . . I know my son came upstairs while we were arguing. When he walked in, my husband had just struck me across the face. . . . He started hitting me with the telephone receiver. . . . My son was trying to stop him and he threw him off and got him out of the way. Then I was concerned about my son getting hurt too, and I was screaming telling him to get out of the way. . . . Then I started to go into the bathroom; he came in there too. But outside of the bathroom, that's when he started hurting me the worst. Because he started to kick at me, and he had hard shoes on. . . . He punched me in the stomach which really knocked the wind out of me. It gave me a very ill feeling. . . . I tried to get out of the way and then he kind of threw me off the bed. I landed on a drawer and I got my foot cut, but after I got up, then he kicked me right in the stomach. . . . Well, that kind of made me fall to the floor. It made me feel like I was going to vomit. . . . I started to go out the door again and he pushed me up against the edge of the door. I thought my spine would break with his weight pushing up against me. . . . I felt like my back was going to crack. . . . He let go, and he threw me down the hall and I landed up against—the side of my head hit the wall and then he threw this thing at me. Then it got bad because he came down and jumped on me, and I thought for sure that I was going to die right then. I thought, "this is it." I thought he was going to stab me to death. I just laid there, there was nothing I could do. So that's what I did. He just kicked me a few times. He was on top of me standing on me, and I can remember my son pulling his arm. . . . I can remember I couldn't breathe cause he was standing on me and I couldn't get any air at that point. Sometimes I don't know what would have happened if my son wasn't there anyway. Because I think my son kind of brought him back to who he was or what he was doing. . . . Then he got off me and started running down the steps. I don't know how this happened, but I sat up and my son came over behind me and he was asking me, "Are you alright Mama, are you alright?" I turned around and saw about six flights of stairs and I passed out.

The next morning I woke up and I realized just how hurt I really was. I sometimes think that maybe I should have went to the emergency room, but being a nurse myself I know what that's like and I didn't want to subject myself to being examined. . . . I had wanted Dr. _____ to check me over and he wouldn't. . . . That's my father-in-law. He is a doctor. . . . He never did come. . . . I don't know why he didn't come—maybe it's because he didn't want to face what his son did.

My attorneys didn't want me to file any charges because my husband is pretty well known in that community and they didn't want any of that stuff out because they were afraid if I did that he might get angry at me and do worse. . . . Everybody was worried about what I was going to do about his reputation. These were our friends I thought. One of his attorneys called and said, "Don't file charges whatever you do. If you do, that will ruin his practice and you don't want to do that. . . ." My husband told me, "Who's going to believe you anyway? I know the judges. They are going to believe me, the up-standing citizen. Who's going to believe you?" . . . He would never hit me in the face with his fist. He always said the reason was that way nobody can tell. Mostly the trunk of the body and back—only once, he punched me in the mouth. That's all. And when he did it, he couldn't believe it because he didn't want anybody to know.

The events described by this woman, though shocking and disturbing, are true. The situation described is not uncommon in the State of Kentucky; in fact, the assault committed on this woman by her husband is an experience common to many wives. Wife beating is a crime of extraordinary prevalence and intensity. The effects are devastating physically, psychologically, and socially for the woman, her children, and the batterer himself.

The purpose of this report is to examine people's opinions and beliefs about the phenomenon of wife beating in Kentucky and to determine how these events are treated by agencies, in both the public and private sector. Information was gathered from approximately eighty interviews with individuals from all parts of Kentucky who have, or have had, direct involvement with spouse abuse. Included were professionals in the legal system, the helping systems, concerned citizens, and victims themselves. Most of the commentary is anonymous. A general assessment of opinions and beliefs was the purpose of the report and anonymity seemed to allow some people more freedom of expression. Spouse abuse is a term used not only in reference to violence within the family unit and toward a spouse, but refers also to violence within intimate relationships that exist without the legal status of marriage.

The first section of the report is a discussion of abused women with histories as told by the women themselves. Even though anonymous, these women displayed much courage in talking directly to a stranger, and were frank about their painful experiences. The impact of violence on the children in the family is also discussed. What young people witness or engage in during bouts of violence between their parents frequently has a severely detrimental effect on their social development and future relationships. A dim profile of the battering male is included, sketched largely from the descriptions offered by the abused spouse and professionals in the area of behavioral psychology. Even with the historical evidence indicating long precedence for the abuse of women, the answer to why, in specific situations, men beat their wives is still hypothetical, other than as a sociologist noted, that the fact is there is no one there to stop them. Finally, attention is given to the question, why do women tolerate the abuse, as this was a constant issue in each interview. The reality of the choices women have is addressed and the process of victimization is considered, offering some insight into why a woman may "choose" to stay married to an abusive man.

The second section of the report discusses the battered woman and her relationship with the legal and social service systems in the community. The attention to the relationship with the police and court systems is rather extensive even though only a small minority of women seek assistance via these systems. However, assault is a crime and law enforcement agencies offer the only avenue to formally and legally prohibit, or attempt to prohibit, further assaults. Concluding this section is a chapter devoted to groups in the social service network to whom women may turn for help outside their personal friends and family. While this list may appear extensive, the quantity and quality of the services is most frequently inadequate. Legal aid agencies offer assistance to women who might not otherwise be able to afford legal counsel. The Kentucky Department for Human Resources (DHR) has established a spouse abuse specialist position in each county. As DHR controls the bulk of public social welfare programs, women may seek their services not only for personal and financial assistance, but during periods of crisis when they have no private sources of help. As an alternative to DHR programs, some women seek the therapeutic services of clinicians or turn directly to the spouse abuse centers existing in various parts of the state and to programs such as the Women's Crisis Center in Covington, Kentucky.

THE BATTERED WOMAN AND THE FAMILY

"Family violence begets family violence."

A Survey of Spousal Violence Against Women in Kentucky, Louis Harris and Associates, Inc., for the Kentucky Commission on Women, 1979

The Battered Woman

A battered woman is any woman who experiences being physically or psychologically abused. More specifically, a battered woman is one who has incurred injury by being physically hit, beaten, assaulted with a weapon and/or who has been chronically verbally harassed and humiliated by her partner. In a broader context, abuse is a process, not simply singular events. The assaults are only part of a continuing coercive relationship.

The battered woman exists in all levels of society. She is married to a man who is a doctor, engineer, attorney, professor, a factory worker, or a clerk. She is a student, homemaker, a parent, or is maintaining employment outside the home. She may be from a lower class or uneducated, but, as often, she is highly educated, living in an upper socio-economic class.

The families in which wife battering occurs tend to be socially isolated, or at least the woman is constrained from developing intimate social relationships or maintaining close family ties. According to Sue Cassidy, director of the Women's Crisis Center in Northern Kentucky, "We see isolation in these families. These women have been cut off from their families. They have been cut off from their friends. They have no support system of their own." As one woman stated, "I used to think I was the only one. At that time I never got out. I didn't have any friends, I didn't know anybody."

Frequently, the battered woman believes herself to be alone in her predicament not only because of her isolation, but also because of other people's skepticism or reluctance to discuss the battering: "I told several people that he beat me and they sort of laughed it off. How could that be? Or they said, 'Next time, pick on somebody your own size.'"

The most frequent settings for the assault are the kitchen and bedroom and the most frequent times for the occurrence of battering are after dinner or after 8 p.m. on weekends, or days when both spouses are home.¹ Certain studies also indicate that with homicide victims, those killed in the bedroom are primarily female, whereas victims killed in the kitchen are primarily male.²

The battered woman is unexceptional as she is usually characterized as having traditional beliefs about her role in the home and family life. She has been socialized to believe her primary roles are wife and mother, to believe in the higher authority of the male, and to value the security and status theoretically found in marriage. This woman has low self-esteem, accepts responsibility for her spouse's actions, and often denies any anger or fear resulting from the violence she has endured. She, even though appearing passive, learns to manipulate her environment to limit the violence or avoid being killed.³ This last characteristic is exemplified in a case described by a Northern Kentucky policeman:

We just worked one where a man held a woman and her child at gunshot point for three hours. He had the gun held on her and he snapped the shotgun at her. But, she had previously, I guess, suspected such a thing could happen and she unloaded the shotgun.

Cassidy offered a more specific characterization of some women who are battered and some insight into the dynamics of the woman's relationship with her husband:

The woman doesn't work. Generally she doesn't have a car or any means of getting around. She's not trusted in any adult way in terms of planning and managing the house. She's an older child and the man is very controlling of every aspect of the family. We don't see the women who are abused one time and get out themselves; we see the women who have been involved in a situation of abuse for a long time. We hear through her that her husband believes it is his right to hit her, to control and cut her off. He believes, and has convinced her, that if she leaves, she loses kids, house and property.

The isolation of these families adds to ignorance about the phenomenon of wife battering as the assault occurs in the home with no witnesses and no escape. A harmonious public image is maintain-

ed because of the almost absolute secrecy with which the abuse is treated by the participants. The husband does not want his activities publicized. This desire is partially evidenced by the selectivity with which he chooses areas of the body to strike:

He would hit places you couldn't see—like he wouldn't hit me in the face. He would hit me in the head, places where nobody could tell, and it wouldn't leave a mark.

The wife feels terribly ashamed and inadvertently assists the batterer in hiding evidence of the assault:

I had never let anyone see me in that state. No one had ever seen me—not my children. I mean I did a wonderful job of hiding this, make-up and everything, staying home and all that. When I was hiding it, I wanted to hide it. I was ashamed of it. I thought it was me. When I got enough self-esteem or courage I decided to let someone see me.

Both actively deny the seriousness of the event.

With and without the physical assault is the verbal battering. This battering takes the form of harassment and threats. Degrading and humiliating statements made by the man are directed toward destroying the woman's self-esteem. Most frequently, this type of attack was perceived by women to be far worse than physical assaults and was effective as a powerful method of coercion and control. Grateful that a severe physical beating forced her to go public, one woman said of the verbal attacks by her husband:

It was chronic. It was all the time. Always. I really honestly believe that the physical part was really a blessing because I believe that I would have been in a mental institution. I sincerely believe that.

Another woman acknowledged the trust she had in her husband:

I always believed everything he said. . . . I don't know why. I really don't. I mean he could tell me anything and I believed it. See, that's why I stayed with him as long as I did. I was scared of getting out on my own. Even though I did have a job. Of course, he told me I couldn't make it. He said I was too stupid to do it on my own. He always thought I was really stupid.

Myths

Several erroneous beliefs exist in the public mind about the phenomenon of wife battering. Due to the scarcity of studies completed in this area, the questionable conclusions of some of the early explanations, which apparently sought to justify male behavior and affirm the popular myths and stereotypes, and the secrecy with which families and agencies treat abuse, the public remains uninformed or misinformed.

The public perception is that wife battering is not a social problem, but rather abusive events are only isolated incidents in pathological families. However, recent studies suggest that possibly fifty percent of the American female population will at some time be battered,⁴ or that twenty-eight percent of the American homes will have a physical assault.⁵ In Kentucky, a Louis Harris Poll revealed that one in ten women had been assaulted in the twelve months preceding the survey.⁶

Also widely believed is that the woman does something to provoke a beating. She either nags, harasses, attacks the husband's vulnerable area, or engages in some sort of behavior that frustrates the husband to his breaking point. Furthermore, it is held that by altering her behavior into something more pleasant and amenable, the battering would cease. Information generated for this report suggests this belief to be flagrantly false. In reality, a woman's behavior usually seemed to have little direct relationship to the attacks. Moreover, anger is not necessarily a factor in an abuse scene, as exemplified in this woman's story:

I'm terrified of knives and one night when I was in the kitchen he grabbed me around the waist real tight and he got a knife out and he put it up against my throat and he started laughing like he was crazy. . . . He did that on a number of occasions, but never when he was really mad at me.

An attorney in Ashland, discussed her experiences with public beliefs, particularly with the issue of provocation:

It's really interesting. I've gotten questions from women saying, "Don't you think that in most situations the woman provokes it?" Invariably, the people who ask that question, in my experience, have had no contact with the problem, have never talked to anybody, have never met anybody who has anything to do with the problem.

Another popular stereotype is that battered women suffer from personality disorders. Primarily, they are believed to be masochistic; that they at some level, enjoy being abused; and that they will unconsciously encourage violence to fill their unhealthy needs. This stereotype partially emerged from the early abuse studies which describe the woman as having qualities of aggressiveness, inasculinity, frigidity, and masochism.⁷ None of the professionals interviewed who worked with battered women, or the victims themselves, acknowledged that feelings of enjoyment or excitement were stimulated by being abused. In contrast, the common response was terror, pervasive fear, and anguish. One woman explained:

It got to the point where I was so scared to death of him I would sit up all night waiting for him and, as soon as I saw him coming. I would run and jump in bed and act like I was sleeping because I couldn't go to sleep knowing he would be in. Then he would come in, make a lot of noise yelling, hollering, but I would lay there.

Women sometimes believe something in their nature or about themselves caused the beating. As one woman said, "Having my first husband beat me was no different than having my father beat me. . . . All I've ever known is somebody kicking me in my ribs. You know, I just felt like that was par for the course, being me."

This negative self-perception and negative public perception is further reinforced if the woman remains in an abusive situation because her coping mechanisms, or lack of them, create the illusion of personal pathology. Deborah Aaronson, spouse abuse specialist, Kentucky Department for Human Resources, says:

I've really seen that the older my clients are. . . . the more problems they have like alcoholism and prescription drug abuse. I'm saying most of the time when a woman goes to see a physician and she tells him what is going on in her home, he recommends she try to work it out and here is a prescription for Valium and why don't you just try and take it easy. The traditional attitude is to medicate the woman and most of the women I see, or a good many of them, are on prescription drugs and have been there for a number of years.

Several women verified that alcohol and Valium were methods of escape. As this woman said:

I went through several stages. I just started drinking. . . . In fact, one night there I took a lot of Valium. Sometimes I took too many. . . . When I was there in the house, all I wanted to do was sleep and Valium would do it.

The Children

Social learning theory suggests that during the early formative years children who witness violence as part of the communicative process and as a means to resolve conflict will be prone to adapt such methods to their own use in their adult life. By witnessing the interaction between their parents and modeling their behavior along the same lines, some little boys tend to be highly ag-

gressive and will sometimes also assault their mother and sisters. "I'm absolutely suggesting it's true," said Aaronson, "I think sons grow up seeing that as a male model and that is the way they also begin to act."

Carole Morse of the Louisville Spouse Abuse Center maintains also that role modeling apparently is a significant factor in children acquiring maladaptive behavior. She believes witnessing violent interaction sets the arena for children adopting like behavior and the root of abusive behavior is:

That little kids are seeing Daddy hit Mommy from the time they begin to see anything—that when Daddy gets frustrated or angry, his response is to strike out. In the shelter we see these kids—they are so destructive with their toys, we can't keep toys. They get smashed up in no time. They beat on each other if you don't watch them. And sometimes you will see the next generation of battered women. You'll see very passive little girls and very aggressive little brothers who will kick out at them when you are not looking.

There appears to be for some women a strong denial, or alternately, ignorance, about the influence of the behavior of the father on the children. Also, present with most women is the traditional belief their children deserve a father regardless of the circumstances existing within their family. One woman spoke of still another belief present among many women, "I know the kids seeing that and living that kind of life, you would like that they wouldn't be like that when they got older. They wouldn't want to hit a woman, but it is the opposite. That's what my kids do now."

The impact of the father's behavior on the children was, in hindsight, singularly the cause of the most regret for remaining so long in an abusive relationship. Women related many incidents which involved their children directly and indirectly in the abuse scene. An example offered was:

He would pull mine out (of bed) and he would beat them and he would make the two oldest boys get down and do pushups and they didn't know how to do pushups. And he would kick them with his foot. They would tell you today that he made them do that 100 times, or sometimes more, before he would let them up.

The abuse of children also takes the form of sexual abuse. Talking about the various times she should have left, a mother offered that her own reception of abuse was not the basic reason for seeking a divorce, but that, "he molested my daughter. For years he molested her and done things to her. I've known about it and tried to do things about it, but I ended up getting beat over it."

The impact of child abuse on children is widely documented. Of the children who had been battered, some were suicidal, some were seeing mental health professionals, some were in special schools, and most were having difficulties functioning successfully in the normal classroom or with their peers. One mother said of her daughter's reaction:

They don't set up with her at nighttime like I do and listen to her scream and cry and talk in her sleep. She's scared when she goes to school, she's scared he will come to the door. She doesn't want to go to school, she wants to stay with me.

Another said, "My little girl got real suicidal—she thinks it's all her fault."

Finally, children may either tend to identify with the father and reject the mother, or alternately, reject the father and support the mother. However, in all situations, the children feel tremendous ambivalence toward their mother—they feel guilt because they could not or did not try to intervene when the mother was being battered and they feel anger toward her because she allowed the battering and abuse to exist and continue. One mother, with grief and confusion, observed of her son:

I think he hates me. I think he hates me for putting up with it. I don't know why he hates me—he needs me and uses me as a mother and knows I care for him, but he couldn't care for me. He treats me like his daddy did.

The Man Who Batters

Public attention and research efforts seem focused primarily on the battered woman, her behavior and rationale for living in a situation where she is beaten. Yet, also to consider is the man who batters—Who is he and why does he batter? Physical discipline of wives historically has been sanctioned both legally and socially making the present definition of violence in a family unclear, as well as making nebulous what is appropriate behavior and what is pathological behavior. This lack of clarity has affected the limited amount of available information on the characteristics of these men, as they have not always been identified as having a problem with violence and they are reluctant to identify themselves as having a problem with abusiveness. Only supposition exists about why, in specific situations, a man batters and most of the information about a batterer's characteristics has been gathered from abused women.

Different qualities have been ascribed to the man who beats his wife, but the primary analysis usually was, "he must be crazy," or "something is wrong with him mentally." However, as a policeman commented, "They can't all be crazy." Aaronson maintains that few of her client's husbands are seriously disordered:

I think they have some misunderstanding of what a male's role is in this society at this time and what a female's role is. . . . I don't think they are seriously disordered, but I think they are seriously mistaken about a lot of things.

These men were characterized as having a poorly developed sense of self, as a specialist in family violence noted in discussing the difficulty of treating an abuser. He suggested an abusive man's personality was "built upon the presence of someone to suppress and, when he loses that person, he is without any emotional support." A counselor at a crisis intervention center concurred, stating that the center's personnel see, "a man with a very low self-image who holds onto his woman in the sense of property, which gives him control over something."

This categorization of the wife as property was a fairly constant theme in the interviews. Comments such as, "I bought you for two dollars, you belong to me" and "I own you now. Your mother and father signed you over to me when they signed the marriage papers" were indicative of the perspective of many men. A sociologist explained:

Generally speaking today, men still take the attitude towards wives: "She is my wife and I can do with her whatever I want to do." He looks upon the wife not as a companion or somebody of value—she is a chattel for him. She's his wife, she belongs to him and he can pretty much do to her whatever he wants to do.

One woman, in a disbelieving way, related her husband's directions to her young son who had just struck her:

My husband told him not to hit me and my son said, "Why not—you do!" "My husband then said" "I can, she's my wife, I can do anything I want. If you want to hit somebody, go get your own wife."

The abusive husband apparently has a strong emotional dependency on his wife even though he abuses her. That is most clearly manifested when the wife makes movement toward leaving the relationship. One woman, having successfully separated from her husband after several attempts and seeking a divorce, had repeated calls from him begging permission to return home. The approach had previously been successful in convincing her to reconcile:

This morning he called me and I said, "What do you want," and he said, "I just can't make it any more, and I just miss you. I've almost got killed twice today. I can't think, can't get my mind on nothing. I don't have anybody but you."

Another woman, married for more than 20 years, described her role in her family as quite subservient. She was, therefore, surprised at the apparent disintegration of her husband's and son's well-being in response to her separation and divorce:

I was completely dominated by my father and then was married and completely dominated by my husband. Then when my children were growing up, they dominated me also. So I was sort of a maid in the house. It was funny, they totally dominated me, but when the divorce happened, their whole lives fell apart. . . .they couldn't cope or anything.

Speaking of her husband who never in their married life physically threatened her until their separation, a divorced woman said: "Both the beatings occurred after I had made a start at making the decisions that would lead to a final split, getting the house sold because I was on the way out.

Most of all the women described their husbands as having strong beliefs about a woman's role and being very dominating in the relationship. Describing her husband's behavior after she began working outside the home, a woman observed:

It didn't prevent him from being very chauvinistic about the whole situation. I had to go back home and cook supper everyday and he would not help with anything. By about 10:00, I would sit down, I was exhausted, he was all rested up. He had been sitting there ever since 6:00 doing nothing. What was a woman's work—was a woman's work altogether. It was his way or not at all. He would not compromise in anyway—in the smallest things. You always think it's going to change. We can do anything, but we can't. There's very little we can do.

Women also describe the disparity of images and behaviors of their husbands in public and when they are home, "He was always sweet—still is. Everybody around here thinks he is. He wanted to be a very liberated man and is not at all." This is sometimes referred to as the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde syndrome. As one woman said:

Everybody in this community believes my husband to be the perfect partner. He doesn't drink or run around. He brings home his paycheck—is good with the kids. They just wouldn't believe what he says and does to me.

The husbands are described as being very jealous and frequently accusing their wives of being involved with other men and even women.

He was really jealous of me. . . .For years he accused me of flirting with other men. There was always something wrong with me. If it was a girl friend, I was queer with her.

Repeatedly in talking with abused women, they noted their husband's tendency to minimize or deny the beatings:

Just like he's got two personalities, he can say whatever he wants to say and do whatever he wants to do and, when it's all over with, I'm not supposed to have any hard feelings. I'm not supposed to say anything about it and he's always got this thing after he beats me up, he doesn't remember. Did I do that to you?

One belief is that men batter only under the influence of alcohol. This appears to be a fallacy. There are a certain percentage of men who do become violent under the influence of alcohol; however, professionals interviewed suggested that alcohol is used as a rationalization for being abusive and as a reason to excuse the behavior. A psychiatrist commented:

You often times find people who will say, "Yeh, I only beat my wife when I am drinking." And then when you investigate that, you will find out they only had one beer. There are very, very few cases of so-called pathological intoxication where a person has a profound response to a very small amount of alcohol. So, what they are essentially doing is providing themselves with an excuse to become abusive.

RHONDA'S STORY

My parents still live together, sometimes more happily than other times. I love my father, so it's hard to think of him as being a wife beater, but on occasion he is. I have great respect for my mother. She's a very dynamic person, so why she ever allowed this type of treatment is beyond me. Dad only hits or abuses her once or twice a year now. It's gotten better.

I remember as a child, waking up in the middle of the night to the screaming. Dad would have come in drunk and want to make love, or rather have sex. Mother would refuse and then it would start.

He was a great father, but a lousy husband. It all followed the stereotypical pattern. Drunkenness, fighting, mother never telling anyone. I was even involved in a few fights, trying to stop them. My hand was ripped open once on the hood of the car, trying to prevent Dad from hitting Mother. Mother would hit back, but I begged her not to because she got a worse beating. As they have gotten older, things have slowed down. Mother started drinking herself and so all the arguments have liquor as a prerequisite.

But their story is not what I'm writing about. What impresses me about the whole thing is how my brothers and I have been affected by the whole lifetime of watching abuse. If anyone says, "My child is not affected by my spouse's abuse," I believe them to be either a liar, or just ignorant. Even if children seem to be totally together, they have been affected. I was and, from all outward appearances, I think an observer would never know, but I do. The effects do not take the appearance of neurosis or a form of psychotic behavior, but it shows up in my choices in life which teeter on the extreme. I hate violence, even in movies. I get nervous at any sign of harshness. Macho makes me nauseated. As a child I went to extremes to keep peace in the family. I worked twice as hard at home thinking that, if the house was clean and dinner cooked, then no one would have reason to be mad and then there would be no arguments. I never want anyone to be mad or displeased. I go to the extreme of lying if it will keep peace in the family. I have no place in my home for alcohol and, when I think anyone is getting drunk, I get immediately defensive and uptight. My spouse is pacifist, extremely nonviolent in nature.

What scares me the most is that a few times I have shown a violent response that nearly equals anything I have ever seen. It's always around my parents, during an argument. As a child, I would opt for the "flight of the fight" or flight reaction. The older I got, I would find myself fighting, or better said, hitting my father. Last summer on vacation there was a violent argument at the table, I thought Dad was going to hit Mom. I slammed him in the face. I know it came from fear and a little anger. This terrified me—that I was capable of such a reaction. And it has happened before. Then comes the guilt, from my Dad and from myself. How could I do such a thing? And I knew I could do it again.

On the outside I am very usual. But when it comes to my parents, there's always the fear of "how will things be this time," "will people be angry, outspoken or violent?" I always think that, even though it's been more than a year since the last known abuse. I guess I'll always feel that until one of them is dead. It's a heck of a way to grow up. The amount of abuse varied, but the effects were with me all the time.

WHY DO WOMEN REMAIN?

"Every institution in our society is designed to keep the marriage intact and the family together regardless of the danger involved."

Del Martin

The act of physical assault on wives because they are considered property, or under the pretense of discipline, is a phenomenon of long historical standing. The question, why do women remain in a relationship containing violence, is more of a contemporary issue. Economics is often cited as the principal factor in a woman's decision to remain, but does not serve as the only factor. Paralleling economics is the pervasive influence of ideology, a combination of generally held attitudes and beliefs which define a woman's purpose and status. Ideologically, a woman's value and primary social function is defined in context of the family. The family is considered a sacred institution and the woman's work within that institution is the provision of emotional support and nurturance for her husband and children. Unless coupled with personal autonomy, however, this work may generate characteristics of dependency and self-denial and may inhibit a battered woman from seeking alternatives to her destructive situation.

Economics and ideology, therefore, set the stage for a woman to become a victim in an oppressive relationship. The process of victimization must also be considered in seeking to explain the various individual reactions women have to being battered. This process also offers insight into and acknowledges the debilitating effects of being physically and verbally assaulted. Finally, there are those women who cannot escape.

Economics

Generally women tend to have a narrow perspective on their possible choices of careers which would develop their economic independence. As a psychologist noted, "We're taught not to work, we're not to value achievement. Women are taught to be pretty, get married, and have kids—live happily ever after." Even though the number of women working outside the home is increasing, for many this work is episodic in that extended periods of a woman's working life are spent in the home. Moreover, careers external to the home also tend to be treated as supplementary to that of the husband. In other words, even though many women may be working outside the home, they remain economically dependent on their husbands. Work in the home is an isolated process with no financial compensation. The homemaker sacrifices access to resources such as a consistent work history, equal pay in the job market, establishment of credit and equal access to housing. Hence, most homemakers are totally dependent on the income provided by the husband.

Economic dependence influences the options a battered woman may consider in assessing her situation. A social worker explained, "A lot of women have no job skills and do have children because the American dream is to get married, raise your children and that's your goal in life. Then, they get emotionally mistreated or beaten, and they cannot go out, get a job and support two children on no income."

Even women who have a profession outside the home face the prospect of a severe change in lifestyle, not only for themselves, but also for their children. A woman described the terms of her divorce settlement:

The contract really wasn't what my lawyer drew up. It wasn't at all. . . .I got the household furnishings. I did not ask for maintenance. . . .We sold the house, but he had stopped making payments when I was in the hospital (recovering from a beating). . . .I think the house sold for \$59,000 something, which made it look like, when split, I was going to get this big chunk. . . .I got about \$2,000 plus furniture. There were no provisions to help put my teenage daughter through college. I applied for aid. Of course, when she is eighteen, there will be no support.

If the marriage has been long term, their investments are gone:

I resented what he did because all throughout our married life, it was, "when the kids get grown we'll do this, we'll do that." Now he's traveling—that's what we were going to do. He bought a

boat—that's what we were going to do. You know, I had invested. I helped him with two years of school and I entertained for him when he was climbing socially. He was very active in civic affairs and, when he was president of the Lion's Club, I used to fix all this stuff for him. When he was president of the Jaycees, we had a lot of people in all the time. I felt I had to help him.

Ideology

The ideological thrust for a woman not only to marry, but to succeed in marriage and experience motherhood, is powerful. Keeping the family together and functioning were primary factors, women offered in explaining their reason for remaining in a marriage that was violent. From a divorced woman came the statement:

My main reason or excuse to stay was to keep the family together. I thought how important it was to keep my family together; he knew how important it was to me. I wanted my boy to have a fine home and it took a long time to realize it wasn't too fine a home.

That the family is more important—that her husband's public image is more important than her well-being regardless of the abuse involved in their marital relationship—reflects the lack of status or importance women assign themselves. One woman offered another insight into this issue when she said:

We have to work through having men be so important before we can fully appreciate ourselves. We grew up believing our emotional happiness depended on a man—that what we were was because of our man. I grew up with Doris Day and Rock Hudson, where love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage.

Religious ideology apparently factors into some women's rationale for remaining in an abusive marriage. The sanctity of marriage and the permanence of that commitment is highly valued in formal religions. In some of the more conservative and orthodox religious communities, a woman is counseled to remain and make the best of the situation. As one judge observed about his more rural area:

Don't forget, it isn't the law that has always made the woman a second class citizen or a chattel. The Bible also made it to that degree. There's a lot of women who will not work, won't work because they don't believe in working because of their religion. "You took him for better or worse," "he's my husband, I am not to divorce him," "I can never marry again."

In Northern Kentucky, which is 70 percent Catholic, one attorney noted:

Divorces are not the common rule. I mean that's not automatic. . . . There are several reasons not to think of divorce in Northern Kentucky and, in spite of the clergy saying that they are now encouraging annulments through the papacy, that just doesn't get around the general public we're dealing with.

Victimization

The term victim is used throughout the literature and in these interviews to label the battered woman. The dictionary definition of the term is "one who suffers from a destructive or injurious action or agency." Concomitantly associated with this label is a process called victimization and understanding this process is important in understanding the battered woman. A crisis center worker believes the training of women to become victims begins at a very early age:

We're trained to accept a lot of limitations on our behavior; we're trained to look inward when there is a problem and to find fault with ourselves. We're trained to suffer in silence, tolerate the

abuse. We're trained that in terms of our relationship with other people, we're the ones who have to be supportive—we're the ones who have to be understanding, and, if we are hurt by someone else either physically or emotionally, it's our lot to tolerate it or be the ones who change. We're looked upon as nonserious, as childlike, as lying, as dishonest. If we are abused, we have to convince people that we are abused.

The suggestion is that victimization achieves and accounts for the apparent "psychological paralysis" in women. This paralysis is what prevents women from changing their position in the relationship.

Repeated batterings, like electrical shocks, diminish the woman's motivation to respond. She becomes passive. Secondly, her cognitive ability to perceive success is changed. She does not believe her response will result in a favorable outcome, whether or not it might. Next, having generalized her helplessness, the battered woman does not believe anything she does will alter any outcome—not just the specific situation that occurred. . . . She cannot think of alternatives. . . . Finally her sense of emotional well-being becomes precarious.⁷

One wife, still in an abusive relationship, analyzed her status as:

There is nothing I want to do. I don't have any plans for tomorrow. I don't care what happens. I just can't seem to think or plan. I just don't care what happens. I know this is not right, but what can I do? Nothing I do is right—I'll just blow it again.

Women perceive control of their lives to be in the hands of their husbands. Some women alluded to, or precisely acknowledged, feelings of powerlessness, as did this woman: "You may think I'm crazy. . . . I've never told anybody this before, but he has this power over me—whatever he says I will do. I'm scared, I'm afraid. I can't seem to get away from him."

Having been married twenty-one years, this woman explained her reason for believing in her husband's control of her life:

I think when you live in a marriage where somebody is so dominating, where his word is law, and he does your thinking for you, then you are afraid. Even though he never hit me, he had me thoroughly convinced that I had to fear him. I had to do what he said. I was completely under his control.

A significant result of victimization is that the woman's perception of the consequences of violence is altered. . . . "Living constantly with fear seems to produce an imperviousness to the seriousness of violence and death."⁸ Repeatedly, women who had left the relationship stated that only at the end did they really believe the batterer would seriously injure or kill them.

He had shot at me inside the house, but that was seven or six years ago. He shot only once, but held one cocked on me several times. But most of the time I didn't have any fear of him. I didn't have actual fear. Well, I was afraid of him hitting on me, but not of actually killing me until maybe the last year we were married.

Dr. Bengt Borjeson, discussing treatment for the abused woman, said:

That's one part of the treatment in our cases, to make them terrorized, to make them feel afraid of the situation. . . . My first little piece of success was to make her afraid of what could have happened to her. So I don't think they are terrified on a conscious level.

Women Who Cannot Escape

There are those women who do attempt to sever an abusive relationship, but are unsuccessful. Several of the women interviewed reported continued harassment by their ex-husbands after they were divorced; some, not only harassment, but beatings. To escape, they either leave the communi-

ty, the state, and for one woman interviewed, the country: "We're going to England, my daughter and myself. To stay wouldn't work—there have been threats on my life on the telephone. . .but you see, I've been through such hell that I am tired to the point I don't care what happens." One battered woman questioned:

What do you do when you can't get away from him? I had to move out of state. Anytime you are involved with a man like that, it is a threat. You debate, how safe am I? I stayed with mine because I was afraid to leave him. I hated him. . . .Before we came down here that night, the police were there twice and then the third time they got him on two tickets. They wouldn't take him out because I wanted him out. It was my house not his, but they said I made the mistake of letting him in.

A situation that appears to be common is that of the woman who separates from her husband and, for economic reasons, moves into low income housing or an apartment. These facilities will not allow continuous disruption without eviction. The husband, knowing that, will, according to an attorney: "Come over at odd hours of the night and just create a disturbance and so the woman is facing a situation where the only way that he's going to go away and not cause any problems with the other tenants is to let him in. And that is eventually what she did."

Experiencing her ex-husband's continued abuse and threats of death after their separation, this wife and mother talked of her fears and concerns about the future and the possibilities of acquiring help:

I don't know what to do. I keep having dreams that eventually I'm gonna kill him, 'cause he is going to push me and he is never going to let me alone again. Somehow or another, somewhere he's gonna try to get to me and if I don't get to him first, then I'm gonna be dead and my kids, too.

Believing there was nothing else she could do to control her situation, one woman acknowledged: "That's when I bought me a gun, and that was recently when they let him out of jail and he come back and he done a number on my head. I said no more. . . ." Finally, another woman explained why she considered killing her husband as a final resolution to their conflict:

It would have come to the point I would have killed him. I've intended to kill him and I shot through one side of the car window. He would hurt me and then he would run. . . .You have to kill them, you can't stop them if you don't. I know that. I almost thought I would have to do it right in my home one day. He'd come and kicked my door open, got up on my bed and said, "You want me to kill you now or you want me to wait a while?" See, I'd divorced him, but that don't spell nothing to him.

WOMEN'S STORIES

"After an incident, I would be frightened and feel—I would feel lousy. You would feel awful because in a way you think, what's the matter with me? What am I here for? What's wrong with me? Why do I let this go on? But then you think that, oh, it won't happen again. But it does and it did. . . ."

Victim

The battered women interviewed for this report related incident after incident of terrifying and shocking abuse. In most instances, the abuse began early in the marriage and came as a surprise to the women, as no previous indication of this behavior had occurred in the courtship. Generally, their reactions were fear, guilt, and humiliation. They denied or rationalized the abuse, believing an assault would never occur again. As their relationships progressed, the abuse became more of a pattern with the husband generating episodes of physical violence, sometimes with weapons and ordinarily accompanied by verbal abuse. The significance of the verbal abuse in the form of insults, threats, and harassment cannot be adequately stressed. As a form of intimidation, coercion, and degradation, this type of abuse was consistently believed to be more damaging than the physical abuse.

As far as seeking outside intervention of some sort, or sharing what was happening in their marriages with others, most of these women did neither. Calling the police did not occur to them as an option, or their experience with the police was such that they discarded the option as useless. Acute shame prohibited sharing with anyone the fact that their husbands assaulted them. Most considered divorce, but for various reasons delayed or postponed that final break. Among those reasons were fear of the husband's retaliatory behavior, fear of making a life alone for themselves and the children, and fear of the husband receiving custody of the children and all their property. Some women described themselves as believing they would never escape, or alternately, believing no one else would take care of the husband and experiencing a real sense of guilt at the thought of "desertion." The constant theme, however, was the women believing themselves to be inadequate to cope outside the marriage, or believing themselves to be without the positive qualities or strengths that are required to succeed alone.

MADLYN'S STORY

I've been married ten years in February. . . . We dated for four years and he never struck me. . . . He swamped me with gifts, flowers, candy and everything. He really treated me like a queen. There was nothing that was too good for me. . . . It wasn't that long after we were married he struck me. I was pregnant at the time. I can't even recall what the fight was about. . . . I was devastated. I didn't expect that of him. I think I pretended like it didn't happen. You didn't want it to happen so therefore it didn't happen. That's how I was in the beginning and for a long time I thought it was just basically a bad temper because that's when it would happen. He would get angry about something. The next thing you know I would be getting popped. . . . It wasn't every week or every month or whatever, periodically. It was just—you would never know. Sometimes it was more frequent. Sometimes it wasn't for a long time. . . . months. . . . I look back and think I've covered up so long in my own mind that I don't really know how bad it was now. It was bad. I just kept on rationalizing that it wasn't bad. That's how you get along from day to day. That's how you get from one day to the next because, first of all, I love my husband and you don't want to think of them as that kind of person. . . . Somebody that would be abusive. It's taken me this many years to realize and the final blow up to find out that—I just can't keep my head in the sand any more, but that's what it is, and you can call it for what it is. . . .

After an incident, I would be frightened and would feel—I would feel lousy. You would feel awful because in a way you think what's the matter with me? What am I here for? What's wrong with me? Why do I let this go on? But then you think that, oh it won't happen again. But, it does and it did. . . . I used to think that I would get him upset, or he would tell me that I would provoke it, or I would deserve it, because I was nagging or whatever. After so many years I learned just to leave him entirely alone. I would never bother him, his business, his friends or anything. I learned to let him

live a life of his own. I never asked questions. It was not that I wasn't interested, but I learned not to include myself in his life because, if I bugged him or so-called nagged him, then it would cause trouble.

He never apologized. . . .After beating me, his behavior would change—I don't know if it was remorse or not. I think he was having difficulty dealing with his own emotions—because he was trying to cover the fact up that he did it in the first place and he was angry at me because he did it. So I couldn't win. I never can. . . .It was always my fault anyway and especially like with this last beating because it was so bad. He asked me, "Did you tell anyone that I hit you?" I said, "Yes, I did." He said, "You're just trying to make me out a wife beater. That's all you want to do. You want to ruin my name." I said, "No, I don't want to ruin it. If I wanted to ruin it, I would have went ahead and filed the criminal charges. . . ."

It's not that I was so much in love, but I think it's different when you love somebody or when you are in love. It's not that I was in love, but I loved my husband. That's all there was to it. I think I was trying to make the marriage something it was not. Make him something he was not. Make him not abusive. Make him not cruel in his words. Sometimes I think the verbal abuse was almost worse than physical. Because that leaves scars worse. I mean bruises go away, but not the hurt because he was good at that too. . . .No matter what anyone says, you do resent the fact the way you are being treated so bad, and you have your own anger buildup which comes out. Because you are only human and nobody likes to be hit, and if you take that, you are not only angry at your husband, but you are angry at yourself. I think that was one of my problems. Because sometimes I hate myself for even putting up with it. . . .See, I've got all these bad feelings about my own self, too. I think, "Oh, you should have gone a long time ago." I was still hanging on to the ideal marriage and everything and, I guess, in a way I still am because that's what I really wanted and that's what I thought it was going to be with him because it's not that he doesn't love me. In his own way, he does, and I know that and I can tell it because when he is really good to me, he's really good to me. He's been really good to me lately, but the only way he can be good to me is he buys me presents and things and takes me out a lot and that's what he has been doing since we have been separated. He can't figure out what he wants. . . .

I've seen him more this past month to month and a half than I've seen him in I don't know how long really. It's just strange. I thought about it for a long time. I don't know if he is making empty promises or what. He might be for all I know. It might be another divorce to go through in the next month. I feel this way now looking back on it. I don't want to go back to what it was. I don't want to do that. He's talking about going to a counselor. Even though he has been treating me nice and things really look good, I don't know. If you go back, is it going to be the same thing as before. I guess it will be. I don't want to do that. I can't discuss it with him. I discussed it with him one night. Talking about what we were going to do and what things were going to happen—our feelings you know. He got so angry when I started to tell him what the truth really was, he couldn't stand it. He didn't want to hear it. Then I got afraid. So I thought, "Wait a minute, what am I doing here? I don't want to get him angry," so I didn't tell anymore. At that point, I said, "I'm tired. I want to go to bed." He left and went outside and I locked the door and he came back and rang the door bell. He says, "I want to stay. I don't want to leave." I said, "Alright." I knew he was angry. He gets a totally different expression on his face. I said, "You stay out there—sit in the car—take a ride, whatever you want to do, but you're not getting back in the house until you are really in control." I wasn't going to take the chance again. No way. So he really got upset. He tried to get the door open. He tried to kick the door in. He tried to get in through the garage. Then I thought what should I do? So

I ran upstairs and I lay in the bed and I was just trembling. I thought, "What am I going to do if he gets in?" Then he was yelling at me at the window and I said, "There is no way you are going to get in until you act like a normal human being." I said, "Look how you are acting right now." He started to cry. He sat down on the steps and cried and sobbed like a baby. Then I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how to handle that situation at all. I was afraid to open the door, but yet I wanted to go out there and help him.

It's just difficult. Because you would like for things to be alright. How can you—the Son-of-a-Bitch—get rid of him? He's cheated on you and he has lied and he has beat you. Why do you want a man like that? I don't want a man like that. That's just it. But I don't love the man who strikes me. I love the other one. . . .

MARY LOU'S STORY

I will be divorced a year this coming June. . . .I was married going on my 10th year this past January. . . .I got a divorce because of a complete breakdown of marriage. . . .There was total incompatibility. It got to the point of violence. . . .Violence always had been there to a certain extent, from the time we got married. But, it seemed like as the years went by, it got worse and worse. And in the last two years, it was unbearable. . . .In the beginning. . . .It was him throwing things in the home, occasionally striking me, or even me striking back. Then, it got to where that didn't satisfy him and he began hitting me, and it got worse in that way. . . .

I think the first few times I thought, "Well, it was not meant". . . .Then, it got to where it was like, he would hit places, where you couldn't see. Like he wouldn't hit me in the face. He would hit me like in the head, places where nobody could tell, and it wouldn't leave a mark. . . .Then the last little bit it got to where it didn't matter. It would be in the face, he threatened me with a knife, things like that. . . .He has never cut me with a knife, but he's held knives on me and he shot at me, and held guns on me. This sounds so stupid, I really feel bad about it because I think anybody is so stupid that would put up with it. It's really dumb. . . .That's the only thing embarrassing about it, to think that you would put up with it. I mean that anybody could even say it happened to them.

Most of the time when it did happen he was drinking heavily and it didn't follow any certain pattern, or any certain frequency. It didn't even have to be an argument. It was just really no certain time. Sometimes he gave me a reason, yes, and sometimes, no. The times yes would possibly be an argument when it would happen. And then sometimes he would just come in in a foul mood. Maybe things would be okay when he left for work in the mornings, then in the evenings he would just come in just in the mood for it. . . .Usually after it happened, he didn't have anything to say. Usually it would be me to say, "We're gonna have to work on our marriage. We're gonna have to do something, we can't continue this way." "You're right, you're right, we can't live the way we're living, this is no good, we're gonna have to do this or do that," he would say. We'd be in total agreement, then there were other times he could care less. The things that I felt were so important, that I thought we should work on and I was concerned with, he would sort of shrug off. . . .Different attitudes at different times. . . .Several times he apologized, most of the time really. . . .He said, "I'll never do it again. . . ." I always believed him at the first; when it got toward the end I didn't. That was always my problem, I believed everything. . . .The whole problem in the beginning, it was a true fantasy love, I really loved him, really loved him. . . .After things had gotten to that point, I

don't know—it seemed like nothing stunned me. You know, it seemed like those last few years, I was prepared to accept sort of anything. . . . I cared up until maybe a year and a half ago, two years ago. . . . It's remarkable, I'm so glad I stopped. . . . I believe that people just finally get to the point where they don't care, and I guess I finally got to that point. I don't know how it happened, but since the very night that I left I've never had any regrets of leaving. I don't have any love for him anymore. But the night that I left he choked me and hit me, and held a gun on me, and I really thought he'd kill me. . . . He had become so violent. . . . He's unpredictable. I don't know his moods, even within the last year and even now. He could be sort of easy going for a while, then just go wild. He is unpredictable. . . .

My divorce was difficult. . . . I got a lawyer here, and I didn't know anything about it. I didn't know anything. Most people are like that. I got a lawyer, and you know in a small town like this, everybody's friends. Everybody knows one another, okay. Our judge, obviously my family knows him, not all that well, but, obviously his family was close to him. I never even saw the judge.

I got a job in August and my first day on the job everything went wrong. When I came home that day my lawyer called me, and said, "Okay I've talked to the judge. He says that you all will have to sell everything. He's ruled on it and you'll just have to sell everything you've got." And I just started crying. I couldn't believe it. I said, "Don't we meet? Don't we talk? Don't we do anything? He doesn't even know if my husband wants to give me what I'm asking for." He said, "The Judge said we could keep everything in both our names and I could live in the house. Everything could be mine and his together, the cars, the house, the business, everything, and I could just live in the house." I said, "No, no!" Eventually my husband saw that I was going to divorce him; he finally agreed to go ahead. He finally agreed to give his half of the home to me, and he kept his business.

A month and a half ago I called the police. It was the most violent I have ever seen or heard him in my life. That's really when I got to thinking—I guess I've always been a little afraid of him, but that's when I really got to thinking that if he was in the right mood at that right time, I believe he'd actually kill me. He broke into my house. My son and I were asleep. He had called earlier and said he would, and I thought, "No, he wouldn't do that". . . . But, then I hated to call the police and have them come out here and wait, when he may be here and he might not. So I just went to bed and thought, "Probably he won't." But, he did and broke in and just walked in and sat on the end of the bed and asked me if I was ready to die. I just pussyfooted around talking, I answered the questions just the way I thought he wanted to hear them. . . . I really began to realize more than I ever had that he might really use that knife. It was a really violent scene.

I said, "We can't go on like this, I'm making a new life for myself, and I'm happy. Your child is being raised nice and good. You ought to make your life happy." He said, "Oh, I know that's the way it should be, but I can't live, I can't live." Then he cries, gets violent for a minute, and then nice. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I know what you mean." And then, "You'll not live with nobody else. I'll kill any SOB that you go around. I'll follow you 24 hours a day and I'll kill you." And then, "Oh, I shouldn't feel that way". . . . I was always slow at catching on. He told me that was why I was so easy to fool when we were married. I would believe anything. He said, "You were so easy to lie to". . . .

It just seems like something you don't want to think about. You put off, and especially if you don't know what to do. I feel like everything should be taken care of by now, you know, within a year's time. And it's hard to know what to do. I've never worked before in my life, never had a job. . . . and it's hard, you know. I'm capable of so much more than I'm doing. I'm not proud of the work that I do, but I am making a living for me and my son, and it was such an ordeal to go through with. . . .

JULIE'S STORY

I have been married 9½ years. I have three kids. I have two of them with me right now, and I'm trying to get my third. And it's hard. . . . we're in the process of getting a divorce. He was supposed to be served anytime. . . . I live in fear all the time because he has told me he will take these kids away from me. He will kill me. . . . If he goes to jail for non-support of them, when he comes back he will find me and he will kill me. I'm just afraid. In my case, there hasn't been a lot of physical abuse. . . . The physical abuse you can get rid of. The mental abuse you can't forget that easily. It's hard. You don't want your kids living like that. My worry is my kids. I've got to take care of them. I've got to show them that I do love them and that I care. . . . I'm not living in that environment any more. . . . I don't have that worry like there has been. I'm not going to have to worry, well, is he listening in at the windows? My kids saw this, and that's child abuse because they have to put up with that. I feel sorry for them because they have to go through that. They didn't ask to be brought here.

Our problem started after the first baby was born. I was 18 years old then, but I stayed on with him. I thought maybe he'll change. As he gets older, maybe he will change. But, instead of getting better, he got worse. I looked at the violence one minute, and the gentleness the next, and I began to think, well, something's wrong with him. He wasn't like that when I met him, but it went on for so long that I didn't love him any more. The name calling, the psychological abuse was worse. Asking me if I like to go to bed with other men. If he had gotten a woman, he would come back and tell me, and tell me how good it was. He would ask men to go to bed with me. To this very day, I don't know what he is trying to prove. . . . I thought that maybe I was doing something wrong. I was young. I kept on thinking well, maybe I am doing something wrong. Maybe I'm not doing it right and he's just trying to teach me. But, as I got older, I realized he doesn't know it all and I don't either. . . .

He has held a .38 up to my head. He said, "I ought to blow your blank head off." I had all three kids then. Then he started asking me if he could go out on me. You just don't ask your wife that, and then when I wouldn't let him have his way he would get mad, and he would start throwing things. He would knock me from one side of the living room to the other. I got hurt first, and then the anger came later. . . . I've left three times. This last time was two years ago. . . . I came back because I felt sorry for him. I didn't love him. I knew that before I left, but I felt sorry for him. . . . I would get to thinking what would happen to him if I left him. Who would watch out for him? Who would care? He always left me the impression that nobody cared in this whole wide world. . . .

It was awfully difficult to leave him. This last time, right after I told him I wanted a divorce, he came back and he started telling me all what he was going to do. He was going to prove me an unfit mother. I looked at him and said, "How can I be unfit? I'm the one making the living and I have been for a long time." He started saying, "If I go to jail, you'll suffer for it. I'll make sure you never have a husband again or even a boyfriend."

Another attempt to change my mind on the divorce was: I had gotten off from work and he said, "Come on, I know you are tired. I'll go up and buy you a coke." I said, "Okay." I didn't think nothing more about it. He asked me, "Do you really want this divorce?" Well, if I had known what he was going to do that night, I would have said, "No, I don't want this divorce." Dumb me, I said, "Yeh, I want it." He said, "Why do you want it?" I said, "Just because I don't love you." Well, we get on North 65 coming downtown, and he takes Cincinnati Exit up here on I-71. He's throwing accusations at me, and he started doing 120 miles an hour on the expressway. I don't know what happened, really. Somehow or other he got on Shelbyville Road and he calmed down after a bit. We turned into Howard Johnsons, and he said, "How about a coke?" After all this, I looked at him like he was crazy. You just don't do 120 on the expressway. I was sitting there praying to God, you know. He pulled in there and he said, "You are most definite about a divorce, aren't you?" My first

mistake, I should have learned by that. I should have said "No, I'm not sure." But I didn't. I'm truthful, I try to be. I said, "No, I don't love you. I want this divorce." Well, he takes off out of Howard Johnsons, and he goes down Shelbyville Road, and he gets ready to make this turn to go out I-71 toward Cincinnati, and I jumped out of the car. I grabbed onto my purse and opened the door and jumped. I took a roll, a couple of turns. He stopped the car and turned. He looked around, and he went on around the circle, and he started chasing me. Well I started running, and he grabbed ahold of me. He kind of shook me and I couldn't talk. My voice wouldn't come out. I was that afraid. He said, "I'll take you up to General Hospital, by God, and put your ass in there". . . I just remember being upset. I don't remember what I was doing. I know that when he came toward me, I was afraid of him. He was going to hurt me. He was the person to look out for, and he put his hands on me. I pushed him away. I said, "Get away from me. I don't want you to touch me. You hurt me enough. I'm not going through it no more." He kind of shook me by the shoulders and he told me to calm down. I just completely broke down, but I still didn't change my mind. I had it in my mind to leave and I was going to leave. . . He took me home after awhile. . .

That Saturday, before I left I was talking to my girlfriend on the phone and I told her, "Please, you or somebody go call the cops." She heard him talking about killing people, about killing me, about hurting me. He was saying, "I'll make damn sure you don't have nobody the rest of your life. I'll make sure you don't have nothing. I'll find you wherever you are at." It was about 15 minutes later a police car came out. Well, this policeman was kind of a screwball. He came into the bedroom. I was packing my clothes and the kids' clothes. He and my old man got to talking and my husband said, "She can leave anytime she wants to." I said, "No, you won't. You won't let me leave with the kids. I want my babies with me." He said, "Leave any time you want to, but the kids aren't going." Well, this cop agreed wholeheartedly with him. Both of them walked back on out and the cop got in his car and I had just come up to the door, and he was leaving. He was supposed to stay there to make sure I had gone. He told my husband, "You will let her leave, won't you?" My husband said, "Yes." Well, I never did get to leave. He said, "You're not leaving. You're not taking my kids away from me." I'm not the type of mother to just say the hell with my kids and leave. I mean, I'll take any kind of punishment, but I have to have my kids.

The last time I arranged with my girlfriend to pick me up. I said, "I'm leaving. I can't take no more, I've had it." I went over next door and I said, "Take me somewhere." So she did, and I just made it in a nick of time. My one regret is I was not able to get my daughter. My oldest daughter. I worry about her. So I left with just the clothes on my back. I felt like this was my only chance because he was always there. I mean he was like a bee is to honey, right there. I was in his clutches and I couldn't get away. . .

WILMA'S STORY

Almost all of the 13 years of our marriage we never really fought or had a serious argument. He was inclined to go off in silence. I would speak my mind. But, during this period of separation, one of the things we did very well was negotiate the separation and property, and how we wanted to pull apart, and protect the children and not hurt anybody. Both of the beatings occurred after I had made a start at making all the decisions which would lead to final split, such as getting the house sold, because I was on the way out. I thought he was. I really felt the burden of decisions. He kept saying he had to teach summer school, so he couldn't be around much.

The first time he just blew up in violence, we were all at the dinner table, and I was talking about these chickens that we had raised—kind of my pets. I said something about the rooster. I don't remember what, and he said something to disagree. I said, "No, I didn't think that was the way it

was." And he said, "Oh, shut up!" And I said, "No!" I was getting angry too. So he stood up and smashed the table, hit the table, and kicked a chair over and broke that, and sort of came after me. I tried to protect myself and to fight back, and I got a broken finger and a lot of bruises. . . He hit me with his fist, all upper body, arms and chest. I got my finger caught in his shirt somehow, trying to fight back, and that's how it got broken. He didn't feel sorry whatsoever. He said I had it coming to me. The children were scared. I don't remember what happened after that except that it was an awful night. I stayed there. I don't remember when he left. I didn't leave that time.

The second beating occurred about a month later, when he decided to paint the front porch, with or without painters for the house. . . After the first beating, I didn't make any bones about it. People ask me how I broke my finger and I would say my husband and I had a fight. I told several people that he beat me. . . The support that I received from my friends was questionable. . . They were all amazed anyway that we were separated and planning to be divorced. . . I was not frightened of him at that time. I thought it was, well—he was drinking a lot, he always drank lots of beer.

The second beating really scared the hell out of me, because once again I was out in the yard playing with the kids, and he was trying to paint that porch. He ran into a wasp nest and got stung, and dropped the tool he was working with. I went up on the porch to see if he was alright, and he said, "Don't you come in this house." I said, "Well, I'm just coming in to see if you are alright." Then he grabbed me and slammed me all over the house. If I could have grabbed something to kill him, I would have because I was so scared. He threw me around and dumped a bed over on top of me. It was really violent. The kids were terrified. I told them to go outside, and well, I thought it was over. I didn't try to resist, I just tried to get away. He just wouldn't let me get away, and I tried. Finally, I went to the bathroom to clean up and he came roaring in there and started slamming me around the bathroom which was terrifying. I had a lot of bruises again, worse than before. It was horrible. I got my children and left.

There was no obvious trigger, except probably the accumulated anger combined with heart break, I'm sure, in having to prepare the house, and years of anger at me which he was never able to express. I think he was never able to be open with me, and that he just completely jumped in the emotional upset of the impending move. . . In explaining the first and second beating, he said I had it coming to me. . .

Also, with his second wife, he slammed her around, and threw her in the bathroom. She came out much more injured than I was. . .

ANN'S STORY (As told by her Attorney)

This young woman had been married since she was around 15 or 16 and got pregnant immediately and the child had died. The fellow she married was more than ten years her senior. . . They eventually had four children. . . There were five altogether. . . When the first child died, her husband, even at this early stage of their marriage, accused her of being responsible for the death of the child. . .

One evening at her sister's home, the sister had a friend there and he (Ann's husband) wanted to take this friend home. He wanted to go out on her and she was sitting right there, and when she objected he took her back in the bedroom and pulled her hair and beat her, and about two weeks later she was in St. Joseph's Hospital's Psychiatric Ward for an emotional breakdown. I hate to use

that word, but I don't know what else to call it. She was only in there about three days and then she continued under the care of the doctor for a couple of weeks, but her husband forced her to stop going. Then for all the rest of the years of the marriage he accused her of being a little bit off. I encouraged her to go to the Comprehensive Care and take family counseling. She'd almost get angry with me. She'd say, "What's wrong, what's wrong with me?" She just didn't understand.

So for all these years, the fifteen years that she was married to him, he beat her regularly. She was to an extent. . . .sexually assaulted, because right after she had the last child he had forced her to have intercourse two days later. She wasn't well, and when she went back to the doctor (I couldn't get any of this admitted because it was hearsay, and we couldn't afford to have the doctor testify) he inquires about what kind of animal she must be married to because she was all messed up. Her husband was very demanding of the relationship. He would come home for lunch everyday and no matter who was there, he forced her to go to bed. If anybody else was there, he would be very bitter and angry. He would give mean looks to anyone who'd be around. He beat her all throughout the marriage, all the time put a knife to her throat, and tried to choke her on several occasions. The children heard it. . . .She called the police one time, but they wouldn't come. They don't want to get involved in domestic cases. . . .

She just took it—all this. . . .She just took it for all these years because she was so dependent. She had a job at the time of the divorce and she was actually making more money than he was.

She ended up having an affair. Her husband had treated her so badly all these years, never telling her he loved her, never remembered her birthdays, never anything, just demands, but he also insisted that she go back to work because of their financial situation. She worked a late night shift, and there was a fellow working late night shift and they had an affair that was going on for about a year before she ever sought the divorce. Had it not been for him, she probably never would have. That gave her something.

She and her husband reconciled no less than five times after we filed the divorce. We filed it in one year, and we didn't get the divorce until more than a year and a half later because just as soon as we'd be ready to wrap things up and be ready to go back for hearing, she'd go back to him. He was a liar of first order even up until the day she died. She called me the day she died, but I was in the hospital. . . .

She was very emotionally dependent on me. I was constantly having to answer her questions. She would say, "Tell me this, and tell me this, and tell me this. What are we going to do about this? Oh, my gosh, if this is true." And none of these things were true. I could never convince her of that. She was always telling me, "His lawyer said such and such. He told me he had talked to the judge and the judge said such and such". . . .None of which was true because judges just don't do that, and I'm certain in this case the judge didn't do that, but she always believed it. . . .The power he had over her existed even after they were divorced. She'd go back to him, and back to him, and then he would beat her up. . . .or else the other fellow would insist she come away. So she was in a constant state of emotional turmoil. She never knew where to go. I had the sneaking suspicion that the boyfriend was beating her up too, and so one day she came in, I just put it to her about all these things. . . .I only recently found out how bad it was with him too. He pushed her down a flight of stairs one time and knocked her unconscious. . . .They had several fights. He's beat her up too. . . .She just didn't have any strength, too emotionally dependent. I tried to explain to her one day I thought that as she wasn't married to either one, she could give them up and just do fine.

The greatest awareness that came to me was the fact that battered wives such as this one just don't have any emotional strength and are totally dependent. She had been dependent on him. . . .on her family until the time she married at 16. . . .She married him and had known no other way of life, so she had very grave fears that I wouldn't have or you wouldn't have about just being on our own, having a job, and maintaining a household. She just couldn't do it. At the time she died, I had two weeks before that taken her to the clerk's office to get a warrant for his arrest, her former husband,

because he came back. She let him stay with her for a night and they were going to see whether or not anything could be reconciled, so she let him stay for a night, which was a mistake. She told him that it wasn't going to work. . . .he tore out the washer and dryer, destroyed her camera, a lot of personal damage, tried to choke her in front of the children and threatened her as he had on many occasions. So I tried to get several warrants, for assault, for property damage, menacing and terroristic threatening. Well the judge would only let me have the warrant for assault. I, well, I had a difficult case for assault and I knew that because she didn't suffer any permanent injuries. He tried to choke her, but he wasn't successful. And I had visions of what's going to happen when we got to court. We wouldn't be able to meet the burden on assault and the judge would end up throwing it out. And at the time she died, the warrants had never been served. They were still at the judge's desk. . . .There were a lot of questions about how her suicide happened. It was a struggle over the gun. . . .With the boyfriend, because he was mad about the warrants. . . .It was his gun I believe. . . .It was either his gun or the former husband's gun, I'm not sure because. . . .with the ballistics test. . . .there was a negative showing. . . .At any rate, they couldn't get a positive showing. . . .so that there were no charges against him. And all the charges against the former husband were dropped by the court. And, also it was the wishes of her family, the wishes of her family because everybody was so hurt that afterwards they wanted to drop the whole thing. I was willing to go forward, but what can I do if I have clients who don't want to proceed. . . .Her family did not know that she had been beaten. Her family did not know what was the cause of her emotional problems that put her in St. Joe's when she was 16 years old. They didn't know until the time of her divorce when she was 29 years old. That was the first they had ever heard about it. She successfully hid it from them all those years—just took it. . . .never said a word. She did the same thing with the boyfriend. Never said one word about it to anybody. . . .

The legal system was no help for her whatsoever. She went to the legal system to get a divorce, and the judge took two of her children away from her. She had been battered, she had been beaten all this time in the wrong. I emphasized to her how wrong she had been treated and how right she was to get the divorce from the bum. Then the judge takes two of her children away. We come over here and he's trying to choke her and destroy her property and we go to get warrants and the judge won't serve them. She had no faith in the legal system. . . .She didn't have much faith in anybody. Who could help her? Nobody. . . .

MARY ANN'S STORY

I am forty-nine years old. It lacked two days and I would have been married 31 years. . . .I was 17 when I got married. . . .I knew him only a short period of time. The section of country I came from, the parents decided who you were to marry, and I hadn't known him very long at all. . . .I'm Indian, but my father is an American. That was the way they did things. My mother was an Indian, but my mother sort of gave into my father on everything. . . .And I grew up in the kind of atmosphere that you didn't talk about a sexual thing, adultery, those things were never mentioned. I was completely dominated by my father, and then was married and completely dominated by my husband. I went from one father to another father. . . .I never made a decision on my own, I always had to consult my husband. I never went to a grocery store or bought any clothes. . . .He usually decided what looked right on me. He liked me to look nice. We would have visitors and he would always be very nice to me in front of people, he would want me to dress really nice.

I had two children by him, but we did not sleep together. . . .That's the way we lived the whole time. He had one bedroom and I had another. That was my whole life. Supper had to be on the table at a certain time every night and if it wasn't, if my husband didn't say something, my children

did. The house had to be absolutely perfect. I had a certain room I would do a day. The only places I went to had something to do with their interests. . . . My whole life was waiting on them and then if I didn't, little accidents would happen. Sometimes he would get very, very mad, but when he would get mad I would know I was going to get punished in some way, but he never hit me. He would call me stupid. He would say that I had no brains, my kids would call me stupid, too. Something that I loved really well would disappear. One time I had a cross that I was fond of. It disappeared, and he said that I had done something with it. I looked every place, and I was very upset about it—about a week later, it just turned up in my jewelry box, and he said it was there all the time. But, he took it because I had done something and he was punishing me. I thought I was stupid.

I would probably be living in the same circumstances except I had not been feeling well. Three years ago I had gone to a doctor, an older doctor we had used for a family doctor for years. I had gone to him two months, and I was feeling worse and worse, and I had headaches all the time, and it was hard for me to cope with anything. I couldn't stand noise because it would make my head hurt. My family would get real upset with me. I got to the point where I couldn't think because my head hurt so bad. I fell down stairs. One of the stair steps had something wrong with it and I fell down and hit the refrigerator and had a lot of bruises. I don't think it was an accident. . . . I had gone up and down the stairs everyday, and I had never known that stair step to be in that condition and all of the sudden it was. I fell all the way, and was bruised really bad, so they took me over to the hospital and I couldn't get my regular doctor. So they got me a doctor and he encouraged me to come in for a physical so when I went back for an examination, they found out I had cancer. I had surgery, and they did get all the cancer. My husband moved upstairs because he didn't want to be on the same floor because I had had cancer.

Then one day the doctor said to me, "I want to know what you want to do with your life." I said, "I don't know. I never thought about doing anything with my life." He said I had to make a decision. . . . I went home and I thought about it and I decided I wanted to get out of my marriage. We tried to get some help for me, but my children were grown and my husband made a good income. I wanted to go back to school. I could not get out of my situation. I was absolutely stuck there until I got some kind of training and was able to support myself. What I did, I decided to take one class and see how I liked it. It was very frightening to go. I went out to the vocational school to take typing, and I was frightened to death. I ran into two very nice ladies out there. They knew how frightened I was and sort of took care of me. They were both instructors. . . . During the time I was going, I did not have transportation and my husband wouldn't let me take the car. So one particular time, I had taken the car and when I came home, I had a flat tire. He was so mad. I had never seen him that mad. He got in the car and backed it up and hit the iron railing. I was standing on the steps, and he went up two steps with one wheel and just about trapped me between the step and the back bumper of the car and broke the whole iron rail. That's all that saved me was the iron railing. . . . I just thought, "God," I didn't know where to go, or what to do.

My doctor heard about a group of women clinicians and sent me to them. It took me three phone calls to get in—I was so afraid. . . . When he said psychologist, I thought he meant psychiatrist and I kept saying I'm not crazy, because to me, all the things that had happened to me, and my family saying I had done weird things, I thought that he actually thought I had done weird things. . . .

I could not talk to women. However, the first time I went and started talking to my therapist was wonderful because she was so understanding and so supportive, and she wanted me to go to school also. Later, I went ahead and filed for divorce. My therapist hid me out. It came out in the papers, they moved me from house to house. They decided they really didn't know to what extent he would go. . . . I really think if I didn't have that hand to hold on to, and the help when I needed it, I might go back into that—I don't think I could make it on my own. . . .

JOYCE'S STORY

I was married 24 years. . . . I was a senior in high school so I was 17 when we married. We started dating when I was in the 9th grade. He's the only person I really ever dated, and he was two years ahead of me in school so he went off to school. He went to college himself and during his first year gone, we decided to get married. We kept it a secret until I graduated from high school.

We both had a goal—him getting through school. I didn't want to be responsible for him not graduating from college, and of course, he had to give up his scholarship especially when he found out that I was pregnant. After graduation, he became employed in the bank. He was made auditor and we had our son, and we bought a small house. We took a big part in our children as they were growing up. Our oldest daughter—we had three children—was a cheerleader. We had a very active group.

I went back to school. Our children were up. I've done the whole bit of PTA president and all that. I had a girlfriend who called and wanted to know if I wanted to go on an adventure with her which was going back to school. So we went back to school. She quit, but I continued and graduated. It took me about three years to graduate. The whole family, they all pitched in. They knew I wouldn't be able to keep the house and do the things that I had originally done. I got a teaching position, and I worked very hard at it. The board praised me for my work. I got my Master's Degree. I kept on teaching and I was going to school maybe once or twice a week, and during the summer so I received my degree. All our children were coming along just fine. Our son was class president of the senior class. He was very outstanding, and meanwhile, our oldest daughter had graduated from high school and was in school. Now we had bought a bigger home which was one of our goals. Everything was going pretty good and I started noticing the change in our relationship. He was always very dominating; of course, I don't know if it was my personality that allowed this or his. He told me when to do things, and when not to do things. Of course, I went along with it. I thought it was the way the wife should be. His personality started changing. We used to play golf together and do things together; all at once he didn't want me doing things. He said he wanted to be with the other guys.

I was still going to school and working, and finally I got a promotion. I became a director. He said that the reason that I got this promotion as director was because "I put out for it" was his words. It wasn't because of my ability. He proceeded to tell me my good grades were because I flirted with the professors, even did wrong there. This was all coming out and he was changing.

My children thought he had a girlfriend long before I did. I didn't think that he would. I thought he cared too much for them. One night I found out. . . . It just about tore me up. That's when he started beating around on me—when I found out. It just progressed till that night I had gone to an administrative meeting. He knew that was going to be part of my job to go to meetings. He tried to reach me and couldn't so I don't know, he must have gone berserk because he thought all these horrible things, and when I got home he just went on for hours. He would just hit on me and leave me and come back. Finally, I thought he was hurting my daughter and I had dumped a pot of flowers on his head, and the next thing I knew I was down on the floor and he took his foot, and he is about 240 lbs., 6'2", and he stomped me in the stomach. He saw that he hurt me and it scared him, but then it didn't scare him enough. He kept on saying bad things to me.

My daughter is a nurse, and she came to see me the next day when he went to work. She saw that I was hurt. So I went to the hospital and I told them I had fallen down the steps and they x-rayed me and couldn't find anything. So they sent me home. The hospital called again, and said they saw some things in the test and they wanted to see me. I went back and they still couldn't find anything. So, by the next morning, my stomach was all swelled and I was all feverish and real sick at my stomach. Then my daughter got me back to the hospital. This time, she said I had to tell the truth,

but I think at the hospital they knew I hadn't fallen down the steps because of the bruises and things on my face. They reported it to the State Police. I don't know what he told them, but anyway they found out I needed surgery right away. My liver, where he had hit me and stepped on me, it had cuts in it so the poison was all throughout my body. I was in intensive care for about 6 days. I was in the hospital for about 5 weeks and they really didn't think that I was going to make it.

He beat me before this last time. After I found out that he was having an affair, I went through different stages. I don't know, I would just drink myself. . . I just started drinking, and I thought my life was over because my children were up. My son was away at school, my youngest was in high school. I saw signs that he was still seeing this girl, and he didn't make any effort to quit his relationship. He would hit on me. I don't know whether it was guilt or what, but he never hit me until I found out about his relationship. . . He scared me quite a bit when he hit me. Then he apologized. Sometimes cry over it. He would always apologize after he would do it. . . It was pretty constant. . . There for a while it was pretty often. Three or four times a week and then sometimes he would maybe go a week. . . He started to hit me anywhere. Then he started trying to hit me where I couldn't have a bruise or anything. So it wouldn't show. How he would do it would be on the top of the body. . . I wouldn't call the police. One time I tried to run from him and he caught me. I wouldn't involve my family or anything. . . He would blame it on me that I would aggravate him or something. . . I believed everything he said. . . I did not share this with anybody. . . Some of my close friends—one knew that something was really bad. In fact one night there, I took a lot of Valium. Sometimes I took too many. People would tell me that they called me, my close friends, and I wouldn't even remember them calling. When I was there in the house, all I wanted to do was sleep and Valium would do it.

I'm now having a hard time adjusting, but I keep improving. I've gone back to school for the summer. I have finished another degree. My work has really kept me involved. I'm not living in the standards or means that I used to. I rent a small house. It's comfortable. It's not at all like what we did have, but I'm learning how to take care of a checkbook and do all these things I have never had to do before or never had the opportunity. . . I've never driven. He would always do all the driving. He never allowed me to drive. So I'm having to have to learn all this stuff.

He was quite an authoritarian, made all the decisions. He was very possessive and jealous. He didn't even like for me to go around my mother after we got married. He said I was a mommie's baby. I always believed everything he said. . . I mean he could tell me anything and I believed it. I really think that's why it had such a dramatic impact finding out he was unfaithful to me. I mean it was just like my whole world ended. I'll never forget that night. . . .

I was ashamed about the community finding out. I was embarrassed, because really two people were fighting like animals, and they should be able to talk out their situation. It was terrible. I worried more about my children. Because they are the ones that had to get out and face people. . . I just think that if he showed that he was suffering, I would think that it was all put on. When we were having our hearing, it was terrible how he put on. He cried and carried on. I remember the magistrate that heard it, I don't think he really knew what he asked me to do. He asked us to have a reconciliation conference with him. I had to shake my husband's hand. The magistrate said that he hoped that we would get back together and said he had to leave the room because there were tears. He told me, "You know your husband is a ruined man." But he's not. He's not ruined. . . .

MELISSA'S STORY

I was thirty-three years old, very happy, very independent, self-sufficient when I got married. . . We wanted to get married, nobody forced us to. . . I had known him four years before we got married. And I thought basically he was pretty fantastic. As all of this was happening, I had a baby right away. We felt like we couldn't wait, because I was thirty-three years old, and we wanted to have a family. I got pregnant, and we were just very happy about it. Should I have waited another year, I probably wouldn't have had a child, because I was very unhappy then.

When we got married, he was outgoing. He was very interesting. I want to stress, that we both would have liked to think of ourselves as being very civilized. You hear about those things but you really don't think that it's going to happen to me. . . We were married for five - six years. And well, he was seeing another woman for two years before. I was the last person to know. And when I finally found out, well, we just decided we were going to get a divorce. So he filed for a divorce. He wanted out so quickly and desperately. He came from a very rich family. It was a half-a-million dollar background behind him. . . It probably makes a lot of difference in the attitude that he had. . . When you represent half-a-million dollars in a small community like that, you're looked upon, well, you can't do any wrong.

First of all, he didn't feel like he was responsible for me or for my daughter. . . He didn't feel like he ought to share any of his property with us. He could put it very plain. He would say, "I'd rather go to jail than give you a penny." So I contested the divorce, trying to get some kind of a settlement. And that's where it started. He comes from the background with a lot of money. But he comes from a very clanish family. . . If I had not been out working, if I had not made friends of my own, he would have made me crazy. He decided first that he doesn't want any part of me or my daughter, then he decided he wanted custody, and of course, the only way he could get it was to prove that I was crazy. And he was trying very hard. He made in his deposition statements like I had been a public drunk, that I drink in front of my daughter, that I beat her. Well, it was nothing that he could prove. It was just so humiliating to have to go through all of this. And of course, that created a great deal of resentment and hurt. . . After the divorce became final, there was absolutely no communication. I have tried several times to work out things between us so we can at least be half civilized in front of our daughter. There was no way I could get through. He was always saying, "Why should I do you any favors because you don't do anything for me?" And I said, "The only thing you have to understand is that I don't have anything in common with you. It's you who has something in common with me. You are the father of my child. So you know, you've got your own life, you've got your own family, we don't have to do any favors for each other, we're strangers. But we don't have to hate each other and do all kinds of nasty things to each other."

That day, when we were coming home from school, my daughter's in a nursery school, I had a terrible feeling there was going to be trouble, because he and his new family waited for us at school. The school people had requested that he would not come and pick her up and the judge ordered him to pick her up from our apartment. They waited for us at the school, and they followed us, bumper to bumper. I tried to lose them, I tried to take another turn. And it wasn't time for him to come for her. I picked her up around five o'clock, and his time is five-thirty. It was about five-fifteen maybe when we arrived. . . And well, I didn't even turn the motor down and he was right there, and I smelled alcohol on his breath. I just said, "Let me go upstairs and change her clothes. She is not dressed properly, I'll have to change her clothes." He said, "No, she's not going in." She didn't want to go with him period. . . So, I was holding my daughter's hand, and he took the other hand and started pulling. I said, "Let go of her, I'm going to change her clothes, she'll be right down with you." And he just went berserk. My daughter was standing right in front of me. I received two severe blows on my head and was knocked down. He kicked me in the stomach, and used the most terrible vulgar language. The children he had in the car, his wife's children, well, the little boy went

absolutely in a trance. He thought it was pretty fantastic that he was beating me. He was just saying, "Well, get her, go on Pop, kick her, just go after her. His wife came out, I had flowers in my hand, she made me drop my flowers. She held me down while he was giving it to me. And I, you know, it was just so quickly, it just happened, I didn't, I didn't—you know, it was just like shock, I didn't know what to do or what to say. They dragged my daughter into the car. She wanted out, she was screaming bloody murder, and he said, "Well, next time Bitch, I'm going to kill you." They drove off laughing. And that's it. It happened in front of the apartment, around a quarter after five. People don't come home until about half past. Right after it all happened my friends, my neighbors pulled in. I didn't know what to do, I sat down.

We called the police, and we reported it to the police. . . . I should have been able to issue a warrant on him right away. But I couldn't. What I'm trying to tell you, that if I didn't know what to do, I wouldn't have done anything, absolutely. I mean there was nobody I could talk to. The County Attorney is practicing law with the firm who represented my ex-husband in the divorce. So that was a conflict of interest. And he would not even talk to me. There was nothing I could do. It was Friday. So I talked to the judge, he said that he can sign, but he's not going to listen to it. Anyway I finally got in touch with one of the County Attorney Assistants. He told me plainly that if it wasn't for me. . . . he said he knows me and he knows that I'm a decent person. If it wasn't me, he said, he wouldn't do it. So finally on Saturday morning—well, I spent the night in the emergency room. On Saturday morning, he came down to the office and we issued a warrant for his arrest. We got a judge out of bed to sign the warrant and we turned it over to the State Police. It was like ten-thirty. They went out to. . . . and tried to arrest him. He was home, but he didn't come to the door. His wife said, "Well, he is gone on business and he won't be back until very late." My ex-husband then had another judge call the State Police and tell them not to serve that warrant—that he, the judge, was going to serve this warrant on Monday morning in this office. It shouldn't have happened. Because what's the point of issuing a warrant. . . . So he wasn't picked up. He had a splendid weekend. . . . On Monday morning, he appeared in District Court, and the State Trooper, oh yes, about the State Trooper, they were pretty shocked on the interference of the other judge. . . . So they served him the warrant on Monday morning. The State Trooper read him his rights, they arrested him, and they dismissed the charges in twenty minutes on the grounds that it was domestic. And that's it. . . . How domestic is domestic? . . . We weren't married. I've been off work for weeks.

SUZANNE'S STORY

"I got married when I was 22. . . . Before I married, I knew him about nine months. I was married before and my first husband beat me. I'm a Catholic, so I thought that it was something within me. I mean, after all, when you marry a second time and your husband beats you, if you come from this background, you're going to think that "it's me, it's something that I'm doing." So you look inside yourself, and I've always been a very assertive person. . . . so I felt like maybe I was being too aggressive, too assertive. . . . He hit me several times about a year after we first got married. I was pregnant then and it lasted, I guess, about a month and it was over. So I think that I became more mellow and then, of course, our baby died. . . . The death of our little boy really bothered him and he stopped. And then we started this business. . . . We really didn't have any abnormal or unusual problems until last spring. . . .

The first time he hit me, I don't remember. I remember the one incident that happened sometime last year, the early part of this situation. I remember I had a box of Cutrite wax paper in my hand, and it has the little metal serrations. I was doing something and he got mad at me—you never

remember what they get mad at you for because it's always the most trivial, insignificant thing in the world. So he got mad at me, and he grabbed it, and he started poking it in my chest. And that was somewhere around the first time he started hitting me. And then, he would start throwing things. I'm sure I hollered back, "Stop, before this gets out of hand." I guessed the next time he would do something similar to that but add onto it, like break something, throw something. You see, this is a high with them, when they go further, like say he hits me this time one time, then the next time he hits me four times, and the next time he knocks me cold. Everytime they hit, they get more violent and more violent because there is such a build-up there. These people sit there and they think about something to get angry over, particularly with the person they're married to because they know they can get away with it, or they think they can. They nurture it until it grows in their stomach or guts or heart or whatever, and it gets bigger and bigger and bigger. I really think that they get high on it.

It's like an addiction. Each time if I would (I don't know how to say it) let him, if you're in combat with someone who outweighs you by 110 pounds, I guess you would have to say I let him hit me. It's not simple like running out the door because they will block the door, or grabbing the telephone because they will rip the phone out of the wall, or grab a knife and they'll stab you with it. It's nothing simple like that—it's just putting up with it until he sees that he might kill you this time and then he stops. . . . I think my husband stopped because he thought he was going to murder me.

That year I was depressed a lot. I had very low self-esteem. I did come to terms with the fact that I didn't feel that it was my fault anymore. I knew it was him. The only thing that bothered me was that I didn't leave him, that I didn't divorce him. I felt like I had worked so hard in the business and I didn't want to let go of my part of it, and I knew with our liabilities versus our assets that I would end up on the short end of the stick and he wouldn't. And I wasn't willing to let go of that so easily and then, I sort of had a battle within myself with, you know, me-myself versus money. Maybe it was the money that won. I don't know, but I just wasn't willing to let go and start all over again. I guess somewhere in my mind I suppose I felt like it would work out. . . . He hit me, I guess, maybe, on four different occasions before it dawned on me. He did say to me that it would never happen again, but about the fourth time I realized that it was going to be a permanent habit of his. I didn't say to myself, "Gee, I hope this will never happen again." It was, just when it was going to happen again because I remember when he would come home from work, I'd shake all over, I'd feel like, "Gee, is this going to be the night?" And I remember many nights going to bed and saying to myself "I didn't get beaten tonight," and it was such a comfort and thanking God that this had happened. But never did I feel confident that he wouldn't hit me again. I always felt confident that he would hit me again. My thing was, how am I going to avoid it? I even bought one of those mace guns and was going to use it in his face one night and he grabbed my arm and used it in my face. . . . I would pack the kids' clothes up and put them in the car, ready for him to start any one night and then I could run out of the door. I even had the childrer programmed what to do if that happened so that we could all make our quick escape. Sometimes I did make my quick escape. Oftentimes, letting him alone for three hours is enough to let him calm down or leave.

When I decided it was time I let someone see what I looked like, I called his sister up and, when she saw me, she was just shocked. We went down to Methodist Hospital and that's another thing I would tell someone who is abused—don't ever go to Methodist Hospital. Because they are going to look at you like you're a freako which is what they did to me. (I had a fractured rib and they didn't even know it. I had to go to another hospital and find that out). . . . I mean they look at you—I think that they know because I wasn't going to say how I got this, and his sister didn't say it. She was right in there in the room with me, she didn't leave until he finished examining me. He kept saying, "How did you get this? How did you get this?" Well, for it to come out of my mouth, it was like vomiting, I just couldn't say it. She was getting irritated with him, you know, badgering me. I mean he knew darn well what happened to me. He wasn't born yesterday. And, so then, she came out with it. And, I guess it was a matter of minutes later, when he told me to put on my clothes, that

everything was O.K. and about the best thing I could do for myself was to go home and put cold packs on myself, and take some aspirin, and that was it. So we went to another hospital and that was on her insistence. . . .And they were very nice. I had an—I don't know if he was an intern or whatever—from Peru. He was so livid. He wanted to call the police, have my husband arrested right then and there. It was just kind of nice to have someone support me. You know, it made me feel really good.

When we left there we went down, and took out the warrant. . . .I went through that whole thing last year with my attorney, and like he told me, if I had gotten a restraining order against him, it would have been O.K., but when he comes out, you have to call the police to have them enforce the restraining order. If you can get them out there in time and you're not beaten to a pulp in the meantime, that's fine. But more than likely, you're going to get beaten to a pulp in the meantime. Your door's going to get kicked in, window, whatever. You can get a court order or peace bond and make him stay away, but you still have to call the officer to enforce that. And, in the meantime, you can have your brains blown out. There's no—you can't—there's no way that a woman can be safe in a situation like this. I even feel this way with my husband. Had I actually, and I did file for a divorce, had I actually gone through with my divorce and finalized it—I truthfully believe that I still would not have been able to keep him away from me, to stop the beatings. Now granted, in time it would have stopped, but I still would have been beaten even after that, even with court orders and the divorce decree and a restraining order."

The last time he beat me was seven months ago, and he beat me severely in the parking lot of a nightclub. I must have had fifty bruises on my body. I know I had a fracture on my chin somewhere because I had a big knot there. I had a big cut; in fact, I still have the scar on my foot. He just beat me terrible. Another couple saw him beat me and they stopped him. I took a warrant out for his arrest. I had taken a warrant out about two months before that for him beating me, and the arresting officer came out in the middle of the day when I think they know most men are not home. It was my regular policeman, and I'm sure he was quite aware that my husband worked during the day. So he told me that since he wasn't home, he would have to take it back downtown and that's where it would stay unless I were to call and tell them where they could pick him up. At that point, I hadn't been having any problems, but I felt, I'll just leave that down there and if the next incident happens, then I'll just use it. . . .It was just something that would serve as insurance for me. When this incident in the parking lot happened, I used that arrest warrant and he was arrested that evening. He was taken downtown and it just stopped. When he came home he told me that he really felt like he was going to kill me that night. He was really scared. I don't know if it was like the "high" stopped and the ugliness just slapped him in the face. I don't know what it was, but it was some sort of encounter that he had with himself and then he started seeing a psychiatrist here in town. He's still in therapy; he goes to see him one-on-one and in group therapy. His therapy group deals with violent people. So, he hasn't hit me since then. I haven't really worried about it since then because this doctor is teaching him how to help himself in such a good way. I know I feel like my case is unusual because I don't feel like most of these men do go as far as my husband did, to seek help and hang in there with it.

VIRGINIA'S STORY

I'm 52 years old and I've been married for three years. I just can't stay married to him any longer. He kicks me when I sleep. He beats me up. He has throwed beer bottles. He's hit me in the back. He has broke up my stuff. He's blacked my face. My car glass is broke out where he has broke it, and he's just a wild person when he gets drunk. . . .

He was a pretty good guy when I married him. The first year he was pretty good. He worked good, but he drank. I didn't know the past and after I married him, I talked to one of his ex-wives and he done her the same way. So he is a regular alcoholic and he's not going to change. There's not anybody that's going to change him. I've talked to his mother, his sisters and brothers. None of them wants anything to do with him when he is drunk because he is just mean. . . .He went over to work this morning and they wouldn't work him. I can't blame them because he hasn't worked a day for over two weeks. . . .He was good to me until I married him. That's the reason I thought he would be a good guy because he changed a lot when I met him— of course, I didn't know him long when I married him. Maybe I should have waited a while to marry him, but you know how that goes. You have to learn the hard way sometime and I really have. . . .

When he first struck me, I thought, "He won't do that anymore." There was times when he sobered up he would say, "I won't do that no more." But, he does everytime he gets drunk. He has broke up all kinds of furniture and everything. He takes the beer bottles and throws them through the windows. People won't let me live in these places if he is going to do that and I'm afraid to go to sleep at night. I'm afraid of what he might do to me. I had two granddaughters at my house one night and he told me you can't sleep with me. We had one bedroom and I had a loveseat which lets out and makes a bed. So I had my grandchildren on it, and I made me a cot right beside their bed. About 2:00 or 2:30 in the morning I was getting the awfulest beating in the face you have ever seen in your life. My grandchildren could tell you and if I hadn't been a big woman, he probably would have killed me. . . .I'm scared of him. I'm not scared of him as long as I can see him, but you know going to bed—like that time he throwed this beer bottle, and knocked the breath out of me when he hit me in the back with it. See, that was to my back, and I had a bruised place that long on my back. I was working at the time in a motel right up here on Second Street and I showed the ladies at work, and they told me I should have left him then, but I kept thinking well, maybe I can help the guy—but I can't. I can't help him.

I've even had the guy locked up. I got a warrant on him, and that don't help. . . .The police come. But see they don't do nothing. They tell me to get in the car and leave and lots of times I have asked the police to wait until I leave before they leave me. I want to just tell you something—I can get in my car and leave when he's drunk and if the police aren't there, he will grab ahold of my door handles and if I don't know he's on there, I could run over the man and where am I going?

I'm struggling by babysitting to keep a place to live. I'm waiting for him to get out of my house so I can go get me some food stamps where I can eat. . . .My children will come by and bring me a sandwich, but they don't intend to feed him and you can't blame them. . . .I have to get him out permanently in order to get food stamps. . . .

I was married the first time eighteen years, and then I married for five years another man who was a little older than I was. He was a very, very nice man. He died in 1974 with cancer, and so I guess I just married this guy on the rebound, because I guess I was lonely. . . .They were the only good years I have ever had in married life. . . .I divorced my first husband. That's who my children were by. I tried to live with him until my children got up big enough until I could get out and work which I did. My two boys went to the Army and my oldest girl got 16 where I could work. . . .He was a bad guy. He would come in and beat on the children, just to get me to start with him. They would be in the bed asleep, especially my oldest daughter, and he would come in and would pull her baldheaded. I wouldn't say I was at fault at all there because any woman would take up for their children. . . .I've had to call the law on him so many times. Between you and I, I even stabbed him a couple of times to get him off of my children. The law knows this, I'm not telling you something that the law doesn't already know.

My girls used to tell me they were going to run off and I would tell them they were going to have to bear with their mother until they got old enough that I could work and wouldn't have to pay a babysitter. You take back ten or fifteen years ago a woman didn't make no money. Anyway I worked down at what used to be the old Marine Hospital, and I worked down there for 75¢ an hour and

had to raise my children. At one time I held down two jobs to buy my children clothes.

Of course, I don't try to fight my present husband because I don't have any children to protect. When he gets out and starts drinking, I just get out and leave, and go to one of my children's and spend a couple of nights. . . .

MILDRED'S STORY

I was 18 and he was 23, when we got married. . . . We were married 17 years. . . . a long time. The whole time he knocked me around, and beat me up, and accused me of everything. . . . The first time he beat me up was right after we were married. He knocked me around before I married. It seems ever since I have known him he has had a fist in my face. I tell you that I thought marriage would be a lot better than what I had at home because my mother died when I was little and my daddy was in the penitentiary. It was just my brother and I. He went in the Army and I was staying with my grandmother. There wasn't no life there cause she had all of her grandchildren running in and out. I just thought it would be better than that. I thought at least I would have my own house where I could be by myself and more or less be my own boss. Instead of I guess I jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. . . .

Every time he got mad and every time he got mad at anyone else, I was the one that got it. I didn't have to do anything to get him started on me. In all the years we were married, I stayed at home with my kids and never went anywhere—not so much as to a Bingo or a card party or anywhere. I couldn't even go to a laundromat. I would have to go and he would time me. If the washers were full—well, just God help me if I was late. . . . Sometimes he would beat me up and other times he would scare me half to death. You know, curse me out, rant and rave and go on like something crazy. . . .

We rented this apartment over on Second Street and he left me when I was pregnant. He was gone for a long time and I went out and got a warrant for him that time for desertion. I wasn't wanted anywhere. No one wanted me and the children. I didn't have any money coming in and welfare couldn't help me here because I had been living in the country. I had to be here six months. . . . So I didn't have any money coming in, and Grandma didn't want me, and my uncle and my brother were mistreating my children. I went to my cousins who I had helped when I was on my feet and they didn't want me. So I was really down at that time. I came close to committing suicide and taking my two children with me. The only thing that stopped me—I mean I went into the bathroom and I took two razor blades, and I was going to cut our wrists and the only thing that stopped me, I thought, "What if I die and they live? They won't have anybody to love them." If I lived and they died I would lose my mind. That's when I made up my mind I was going to have something done with him. I was going to enforce it. I went downtown the next day, and I mean I walked too. I was pregnant and I walked all the way down there. I had to go to several different places to try to get help and they wouldn't help me. They said they would put my children in a home until I was able to work. . . . He did come back to me.

One time he came home, and I think one of the little kids told him something. I came home from work that night. . . . I had worked all night long and when I got home that morning, he was waiting for me. I had fixed his supper that night. I fixed him steak and everything and he wouldn't eat it. He refused to eat it. He said he was going to drink some more beer. I didn't know he was mad or anything or I would have never left the house. That morning, he went in to get the stuff out of the oven and he hollered for me real loud. He always hollered at me, and kept me a nervous wreck all the time. Just like electric shock. And I went in there and asked him, "What is wrong? You would

scare anybody to death." He didn't say one word. He just started cursing me, and drew back and hit me with his fist across my face. He just beat me all over the kitchen. He just kept beating me and beating me, and knocked my head into the door. He didn't leave marks on me, just a few bruises. He got me by my hair, and beat my head in the woodwork. He went in another room. I didn't know at the time, but my daughter was asleep on the floor. She just didn't feel safe sleeping in the same house with him. She was in a little hallway like we got right by the furnace sleeping in a corner. He went in and jerked her up and knocked her head in the corner. I didn't know he hit her that day or it would have all come to an end right then and there. He's beat me half to death because he wanted to whip her and I wouldn't let him touch her. He kept at us all day long, I couldn't even go to bed and I had to go to work that night. It was just complete hell. He just kept me and her all day long in hell.

He's always worked on the pity routine because he is so crippled. . . . He worked this routine. He knew I felt sorry for him because he was crippled and everybody made fun of him. I just can't put into words how he would do. He never was going to do nothing again. He was sorry. He loves me. Just different things like that. He don't have nobody but me. If you could just see him, that right there would be enough. . . .

I left and it's been almost three months and I think he knows I mean it. He's really getting desperate. . . . This morning when he called he tried to make me feel guilty because he's so nervous—that he almost got killed. I expect him anytime to call up and say that he's going to commit suicide. . . .

DIANE'S STORY

I knew him a year before we got married. . . . He never hit me once before we got married. He never acted even like he was gonna hit me. And then, well, after we was married, he told me that he owned me. I told him that I could have something done to him for beating on me like that, and he said I couldn't have anything done because he owned me now, that my mother and dad had signed me over to him when they signed the marriage papers. . . .

We were married about four weeks when he first hit me, and that's when it started. The first time he hit me, we got in an argument over his mother. We would get out of bed, I'd get him off to work, I'd fix his breakfast, and then I would go and clean up the bedroom and do whatever had to be done. I didn't mop the floor one day because it didn't look like it needed to be mopped. His mother got hot and started raising hell at me, and I told Jerry when he got home. You know, we paid the rent, and when I think the floor ought to be mopped, I mop it. And we got into it. . . . He slapped me. . . . I just sat down. I didn't say nothing. I didn't even look at him. . . . I felt—in a way it hurt, but in a way it didn't hurt. It hurt me because he hit me, it hurt me that way. So I just sat there. . . . He struck me everyday. He'd come in from work, I'd have his supper fixed, I'd have everything done. Maybe I'd have it sitting on the table or something, or in the oven, and I would be across the street talking to one of the girls that lived across the street from us. He would just get mad because I wasn't in the house all the time. . . . To me, it wasn't like love. He always said, "Oh, I love you, I love you this, and I love you that." To me, it wasn't love.

I never once went out without a bruise on me, never. . . . We was together once about a week, and he decided he wasn't ever going to hit me again. . . . I thought if I done what he wanted me to, everything would be alright. . . . He said that he knowed that he was over-tempered, and that he was just actually giving me too many beatings, and he said that he thought I did look better without all the bruises on me. I asked him, "Why do you want to beat on me all the time? You never even

PATRICIA'S STORY

once had even acted like you were gonna hit me before we got married." It's just in a way that's what shocked me, cause he never, like I said, he never once give me a mean look before we was married. Then after we was married, that's all it seemed like he wanted to do was just beat on me constantly. And I just got tired of taking it. . . .

He has used his fist on me so many times, I couldn't count the times. I had to go to the emergency room one night. I was gonna go down to my mother's, and he just grabbed me by the shirt. His mother's got one of those old-fashioned doors that's got those three glass things. Well, he took me, I went to open the door, and he took me, and grabbed me by the back of my shirt, and just pulled me back and shoved me through that glass and all those little strips of wood. It busted my lip, and cut me in here where I went through the glass and cut me up through here. My mother took me out to the emergency room, and I had to have stitches in some spots. . . . I lied to them about what happened. . . . I loved him, and I didn't want to see him go to jail or anything.

Like almost every time he'd hit me he would say he wouldn't do it again, and then it would get worsen and worsen and worsen, time after time. . . . You didn't know if you was doing something right around him, or if you was doing it wrong, or something like that, and that kinda made me mad. . . . I didn't really get angry when he beat me. The things he said hurt me, deep down inside it hurt me so bad, deep down inside it hurt me worsen than it did when he was hitting me, than it did on the outside where it showed. . . . I thought about committing suicide to myself so many times, it was just pitiful at the time that I thought about committing suicide.

I just got tired of taking it. I still love him, but I don't love him as much. I used to worship the ground he walked on. But I don't love him now as much as I used to love him. . . . You know, like he hit me with his fist or beat me with his fist, he always apologized. . . . In three days, when I got home from the hospital after that had happened, he acted like he didn't even want me around, and I told him I was gonna go spend a couple of days with Mom. I'd never had a chance to go and spend time with 'em, you know, 'cause my dad don't have but like a month to live. He got mad. I mean he got super mad. I said, "Well I'll stay here if you're gonna be that way about it, I'll stay here." Then he started yelling and yelling, so I just went in the bedroom and shut the door. I didn't slam it or kick it shut or anything like that, I just shut the door. I was laying in there in the bed, and the next thing I know, pow, he hit me with a race car track, slapped me on the behind with a race car track, and I screamed, it hurt so bad. Then he got mad and he hit me. And I told him not to hit me again because I was tired of taking his beatings. And he hit me again. Then, that's when I came back. That was the first time ever I had hit him back. . . . and I hit him back, and that was it. I had done the wrong thing, period, right there. He beat me and beat me and beat me, and I didn't ever think he was gonna quit. And I just packed my clothes, and went down to my mother's. I stayed down there maybe three days. I couldn't stay away from him any longer, so I went back. And he asked me how I enjoyed my vacation, being real smart. I told him I didn't like it at all, you know being away from him, in other words, being with my mother. . . . And I asked him how he enjoyed being away from me for awhile, and he said he enjoyed it more than anything. And I said, "Well!" and I looked at him. He said, "What was you going to say?" I said, "Nothing." He got hot, kept getting hotter and hotter, then he beat me so bad it was pitiful.

We separated. I was gonna file for divorce and went to get my stuff. He told me if I'd come back he'd never hit me ever again, so I went back and I guess I lived with him for maybe three days. . . . He beat me, and I just left all of my stuff there. I left and two days after that I filed for divorce.

I'm 18 and I have a little 9 month old baby. Me and my husband are getting a divorce. We got married last year, and it hasn't worked out for us. I got married because I loved him, like I still love him. Maybe it's stupid because he's hit on me, and beat on me, and caused so much trouble. He told me I wouldn't have to work. We got married and we lived in the apartment with his mother for a while. Of course, he was job hunting and I think half the time he went out and shot pool and drank a little bit. Then he would come home and say he was looking for a job. This job he has right now, he's had for about six months. So he's done pretty good about keeping a job, but he's got this one friend that all the time wants him to go out and shoot pool and drink with him. He got so he would go out with him about three or four nights out of the week after he got off from work. I would hardly ever see him, and when I did see him we would fight, or he would hit on me and stuff. . . .

My mother and him hate each other. My mom didn't want me to get married to him. My mom would say, "I'm inviting you and the baby over for dinner, but don't bring your husband." Well, that would cause trouble because I felt, well, I'm hurting mama if I don't go, and I'm hurting him if I do. So I would sit down and talk to him and say, "Can't you understand? She's my mom. Once in a while, why don't you let me go over there?" Cause he didn't want me going over there. . . . He would reason with me and say, "Okay, you can go." I would get back and he would just get so severe that he would start pushing me or something. We would start getting into it. The next you know, a punch here, and a punch there. . . . Sometimes, he would hit me with his fist. Sometimes, he would just push me around, and knock me down—not anything like a black eye or nose or anything. He'd just put bruises on me here and there, just put little bruises on me. . . .

I don't know why I put up with it. Mom knew about it. She said, "If it happened once, it's going to happen again. Get yourself out of it before it does." I kept saying "No, no!" He would apologize to me, and say it wouldn't happen again. But, it always did and I ended up leaving him one time. I told him to get out of the apartment and he was real nice about it and he left. And then after he left and came back and was crying to me and begging me to let him come back, I let him come back. It didn't work out and so that's when I left him recently. . . .

I told him I was leaving. We got into it and he threatened to kill me too. I went up and took a warrant. He left before the police got there and said they couldn't do anything about it. It was domestic. I said, "I'm not going to get myself messed up in this, if the police won't do nothing and I can't defend myself very well." You know that I can't do nothing. So I went to my mother's and he stayed there. Well, he got put out of the apartment. They thought I was there, but while I was gone, he wasn't paying the rent for two months, Well, they put him and me out of the apartment. But even though I wasn't there, they thought I was. I came back and told the manager everything. I told him I wasn't living there.

Mom said there's no house big enough for two families. So she asked them if I could go ahead and live there because the rent was cheap. Mom said she would pay the back rent that was due. . . . So I lived there.

He come down about almost two weeks ago and he called me about 3:30 in the morning and said, "I'll be right over." I said, "No, I don't want you to come over here." And he said, "I'll be right over," and hung up the phone. I didn't know if he was bluffing. He's bluffed so many times. Told me he was going to do this and that and hadn't done it, so I didn't know whether to believe him or not. So I just rolled over and went back to sleep. The next thing I knew he was knocking on the door and he said, "You let me in or I'm going to wake up the neighbors, or I'm going to break down the door." I said "Please don't give me any more trouble because I'll get kicked out of the apartment. . . . you are going to get me kicked out of the apartment." So then he said, "You let me

in," and I said, "No, I'm not going to let you in." So, bang! I hear this big, I don't know if it was his fist or foot or what. I ran to the phone in the bedroom, and I started to call the police. I dialed the operator. By the time I asked the operator to give me the police, he was in and he took the phone away from me. Why, I didn't know what to do, so I screamed for help. I knew he would hit on me and I wasn't about to take it no more so I screamed for help. He put his hand over my mouth and said, "You're not going to call nobody. You're not going to scream for no help either." Then he sort of slightly pushed me out of the way. He didn't hit me or nothing that night, but he just looked at me and said, "I'm going to take the baby with me." He picks the baby up out of the crib and she is screaming and crying. All she had on is a little nightgown and a snap here and snap here—open all the rest of the way—nothing else. He just grabs her out of her crib and takes off hitchhiking. I called the police and they still couldn't do nothing.

Later, I called his mom. She said my baby was there with her. She told me she was trying to talk him into bringing the baby over, but for me to meet him out in the street. He wasn't going to pull in the driveway. . . . He comes and I get halfway, about four feet from the car and he starts to take off. Then he starts laughing like it was something funny. I told him to give me the baby. He said, "Wait a minute." So I just had to stand there and he kept kissing on her and everything. Finally, I went to take her. He said, "Don't grab. Don't grab, or you won't get her at all." I finally got her. . . .

Later he called me again and told me he wanted to talk to me, that he was coming over and I said, "No, I will call the police on you," and he said, "Go right ahead. . . ." I don't know what to do because I can't seem to get help anywhere.

JEAN'S STORY

I knew him a year before we got married. We went to school together and I was his accounting tutor. He's an athlete, great big strong guy, 6'2", broad shoulders. . . . At first everything was okay, he was Mr. Wonderful, an athlete. . . . I thought he could do no wrong and we always did things together. We saw each other all the time.

He didn't like my family. He didn't like my friends. He wanted to have me all to himself. . . . He was never happy in the marriage. I thought it was all my fault so I tried all that much harder to make him happy. I was working and going to school and he was only going to school. I would have to go into work at 6:30 in the morning and work until 5:00 in the afternoon, and then come home, cook dinner and everything. It was just wearing me out. Our sex life hadn't been real good anyway all the time we were married. He kept belittling me, telling me that I couldn't cook—that I was a slob. I couldn't clean the apartment because he wouldn't let me. He would make me sit down with him and watch T.V. When I wanted to go and do the dishes he wouldn't let me. I had to be right there by his side. I had to play backgammon with him all the time; I had to play Rook. Then he would complain that the laundry wasn't done, or if I said, I've got to do the laundry, he would say, "Come here right now, and sit down." He was real mean and hateful and he would—in front of his friends and our friends—say that I was ugly and fat and I couldn't cook, "Oh, she is the worst cook in the world." I was trying my hardest. I had never cooked before in my life. Then he started that my sex was terrible. . . . "You're like fucking a corpse." That's what he would say and that upset me. I started thinking of myself as about this big and tried to do more to make him happy and not to think those things.

He didn't want me smoking. He wanted me to quit, so he would take all my cigarettes away, and if I would be smoking one when nobody was there, or when we were down in a friend's apartment, he would take the cigarette and grind it out in my hand. I would cry and carry on but, here he was a foot taller than me and I was scared to death of him by then.

After he hit me the first time, I was scared of him, but what could you do? I guess I had gotten to the point where I didn't think anybody really cared about me except him. He ground doubt in my mind about my parents—they probably hate you for marrying me and all this stuff. All this was going through my mind to where it got to the point I would be sitting at work reading or something, and my mind would start racing ahead of my thoughts and I couldn't grasp them. I was thinking, "What are you doing?" It was driving me crazy and I am sure I was probably on the verge of a nervous breakdown or something, but I still kept trying.

He also started accusing me of having sex with other people. He was always on road trips on the weekends and I always stayed with my parents or grandparents or my aunt and uncle just so he wouldn't accuse me of this. He would come home maybe at 9 o'clock one night from the meet and go out drinking and wouldn't come home until 4 o'clock. Then he would want me to have sex with him at 4 o'clock in the morning. He would be drunk and I would be dead tired and asleep, and here's this great big hunk crushing down on me. It just wasn't very pleasant. I didn't enjoy it. So he, therefore, thought that I was screwing every guy that walked in the door. He thought I screwed all the men at work. He thought I had screwed his best friend behind his back. He had heard I was probably screwing the football team. He started calling me a whore, and gang bang, and all these terrible names. He didn't care who was in the room, and all his friends just thought he was terrible for doing it, but what could they say?

He was always tormenting me. He was going to bring another girl home and we would have a three-way—all these weird things. He would say that I didn't deserve to be pleased sexually, so he would like rape me, things like that, and it would hurt me. . . . I was totally faithful to him, I don't know why, but I was. . . . I couldn't see that I had changed to the point where I was smoking two packs of cigarettes a day, just jumpy, and I was scared to tell what had been going on, about him shoving me around and everything. I was ashamed, I guess, and I didn't want anybody to know it. I tried to put up this big front. . . . He was always keeping me up real late at night with him like watching T.V. until 1:00 or 2:00 in the morning. I would have to go to work at 6:30 and I looked like hell. I didn't care about my hair. I had worn out my shoes. I was wearing these old white tenny shoes I had cheered in in high school, those little kid like things. . . . I just didn't care about my appearance. I didn't eat. I would cook for him, and I would sit there and maybe drink a coke and smoke a cigarette. I couldn't eat or sleep. I was just a nervous wreck, I guess. People at work noticed it, but they couldn't say anything.

Finally, one day we got into the traffic, Thanksgiving traffic, and we were tied up for maybe two hours on this one stretch. We finally got going, and a car pulled out in front of us and slowed down. He started blowing the horn when I was driving and I hit his leg, and I said, "Stop it." He just started beating me as hard as he could. I ran off the road, almost wrecked into this other car. I was crying. . . . I was just shaking so that I drove the rest of the way home with tears streaming down my face. My arm was almost paralyzed. It was so numb. And he had hit my face, and my rib cage, and everything. . . . Then that night he wanted to have sex. . . . I said, "No." He said "Well you can sleep on the floor then." I said, "I'll sleep on the couch." So he took all the cushions off the couch. I said, "I don't care, I'll sleep on this hard floor." So, I just layed down on the floor and he started throwing things at me. He threw a book, a chess set, this cardboard thing, and then he threw one of the pillows on top of me. I was just laying there numb, trying to go to sleep, trying to ignore him so he would quit doing it. Well, since he saw that this wasn't getting anywhere, he went into the bathroom, and got a glass of cold water, and threw it in my face. Well, I had had all I could take. I got up and I was cursing and screaming. I said, "I don't have to take this, get out of my way." I ran in, and I said, "Get out of my way. I'm sleeping on a bed and I don't care where you sleep." He goes, "No, you're not. You're not leaving here." So he shoved me back against the washbasin, and bruised my arm real bad. I was screaming and crying because it was hurting so bad. I stood back up, and I was trying to fight him to get out into the room. He threw me into the bathtub and I hit my head and knocked some bones loose in my ear. . . . I got back up and he picked me up again and threw me in again. I hit my hip and I was screaming and cursing and telling him he was a Son-of-a-Bitch

and to get out of my way. He threw me again and I hit my head again. He threw me four times and finally I just crumpled down on the floor and just started crying. I said, "I can't take it any more." I was screaming. He goes, "Oh, I'm sorry," and starts rocking me back and forth. He was, I guess, determined to have sex that night, but I just said, "Well go ahead and get it over with." That's just the way I felt about it. . . .I just built up a wall against him by this time. That was the last straw.

I filed divorce papers. . . .refused to talk to him or anything and left town. . . .We've been separated now as long as we were married. . . .I would give anything to have him thrown in jail. I had bruises on my body. I could have gone to the hospital at certain times and gotten him arrested for that, but I was too afraid. I was a fool. After the first time he hit me I shouldn't have allowed it anymore, but I had such a guilty conscience, I thought I was making him so unhappy. I thought it was my fault he was hitting me.

KAREN'S STORY

I was married when I was 17 for a year. This time I have been married for 11 years. I'm in the process of a divorce which is just about to be finalized. I lived with him for two years before we got married and got along fine. I was attracted to him because he was real nice and quiet - real polite, just nothing like he is now. We were married in the county jail and he was on his way to the penitentiary. . . .

The very first time he ever hit me, I was surprised, but he gets worse all the time. . . .I think the first time I tried to make excuses for him. Maybe I did something that just set him off the first few times, but after that I realized that it wasn't me at all. . . .He used to whip me until I really got tired of it, and I said, "You are not going to hurt me no more." He whipped me one time, and the kids woke me up putting wash rags on my face. That was the end of it. . . .I mean, just literally beat me, had my face a bloody mess. After he got me on the floor, he started kicking me and stomping on me—just anything he could do. He's tried to cut my throat. I don't think there is anything he hasn't tried and I just got tired of it. . . .Just anything would set him off. The best excuse he used was that I lived for my kids and that was it. I didn't have time for nobody and that was it. More like he was jealous of the time I gave to them. I'm sure he is capable of taking care of himself. . . .

In the last three years, about ten times I've called the police. . . .I got results when he tried to molest my daughter. They actually did go after him and arrest him that night. When before he went to court, they never did anything. This time they did hold him on bond for a while, before they reduced it. . . .They acted because it's not like calling the police. You don't call the neighborhood squad car, because you have to actually go to the Sexual Abuse Squad. I think they are much better than the street cops are. Street cops look at everything and say, "Well damn, I have to get out of my car!" That is what it appears to be. It is like it is a bother to them and anything that happens in the home is automatically domestic. "If you had kept your mouth shut, it wouldn't have happened." That's the attitude they have. . . .With me bleeding to death, they would say he didn't mean to do it. They didn't want to fool with the paper work.

Once, I was talking on the telephone to a girlfriend of mine. She said something that struck me funny and I got to laughing and he is real paranoid. Evidently he had planned to do it anyway, 'cause he had the butcher knife stuck in the couch. It wasn't that he had went after it—like it was the spur of the moment thing. He had it there on the couch and he came up off the couch and he said, "I'm tired of your shit and you are not laughing at me." He came at me with the butcher knife. Well, the first thing I thought of was to hit him with the telephone. So I hit him and kicked him and shoved him backward and he fell. Well, we fought all the way back to the kitchen and I grabbed something off the sink and he knocked it out of my hand. I grabbed both of his hands up in the air and was trying to shake the knife out of his hand. Then I went back toward the front of the house, and he came after me. I was standing in the hallway and he was in the apartment. He said, "I will

just cut your throat." When he jumped out in the hallway to cut my throat, the cop came through the door. The cop pulled his gun and he said, "Drop it." My husband just stood there looking at him. The cop had to actually cock the gun and he dropped the knife in the box. The cop said, "Find it." My husband said, "I can't find nothing." Of course, he didn't try, but they took him to jail that time. . . .

When I left this last time I was paying the rent because I was drawing welfare. He wasn't doing nothing but sitting there. I tried to get him to leave which ended up in a big fight which ended up with me going to jail. . . .A friend got me out of jail. I packed up a little bit of stuff and went to a friend's house. I stayed about two weeks, and finally he said he was leaving the house if I wanted to come home. I said, "I'm not coming back until I know you are out of there." He did, he was gone out two days before I went back. Just as soon as I moved back in, he came back. I called the police. I got the same cops, and they really gave me a hassle, and told me they were not going to do a damn thing. If I called them again I would get worse than what I got the first time. They like to beat me to death taking me to jail. I had resisted arrest. They wouldn't book me until they took me to the hospital. On the way to the hospital the cop told me himself to refuse treatment or I would get worse than I already had. So, I refused the treatment so I could get back to jail, and get out because they were threatening to take the children. I thought that's what they had done until I got back to the jail and this friend of mine told me they had took them to a friend of mine. . . .

When I tried to get him out of the house again, he wouldn't go. So I started proceedings on my divorce. . . .Finally, he moved out again. When he moved out, I got a restraining order to keep him out. Then when he came here this time about a week ago to my house and tore into my head, I called the police. When they got there, I showed them the restraining order and they still refused to arrest. I mean they put him out, but they still refused to arrest him. They told him he had to leave and said the piece of paper the restraining order was written on wasn't worth a dime. . . .When we went to court. . . .He said he had got called saying his daughter was sick and that's why he came to the house.

They locked him up this last time because I went down and took out warrants for assault and for breaking his restraining order. They revoked his bond on his sexual abuse case, and put him back on a \$10,000 bond. You never know what he's going to do. He's apt to come up there and get drunk and do anything. I couldn't stay home. . . .everybody was on me to get away from the house until he was arrested, but nobody was trying to arrest him. I went and found him myself and had him arrested both times.

I don't think the legal system has served my needs at all. I don't think the children should have been brought through court, and I don't think they have done anything for me. . . .It don't seem like they really care how you feel or what your opinion of it is because they don't bother to ask you to begin with. They just do what they want to do and shove it out of their way. . . .I'm talking about the judges and most prosecutors. Well, I tried to speak up in court and tell them what the man is like. I know, I have lived with him for 12 years. I know exactly what he is like. But it didn't matter what you thought. They don't even want to hear your side of it. . . .The case where he molested my daughter has just been held over several months. . . .So we go back to court again and the psychiatrist has talked my daughter into saying what she had to say. So again we had her ready to get up there and say what she had to say. They called us up there in front of the judge and they postponed it again, because he is taking some kind of test. I personally, in those kind of cases, think they ought to do it, get it done, not because of him or because of me, because of the children. They don't sit up with her at night time like I do and listen to her scream and cry and talk in her sleep. She's scared, when she goes to school, she wants to stay with me. They don't realize that. . . .They don't understand why they have to stay in the house. Like my littlest one, I wouldn't doubt for a minute that if he run upon her outside playing he would just take her with him and they don't understand. . . .I can't figure why a person has to go out of their house when they haven't done nothing. It's not just me, it's the kids. It is like they are in jail. . . .I thought I always had to have a man there, that I couldn't do it on my own. I'm doing better on my own than I ever did with a man. . . .

BERNITA'S STORY

We had a motion that held my ex-husband in contempt of court for violating the permanent restraining order which was put in the final judgement. We had motioned to 1) put him in jail; 2) restore my medical cost; and 3) put him on a peace bond to keep him away. . . . They were all overruled. The judge wasn't interested in any of it. The only motion he heard and ruled on was—was my leaving the country. . . . Of course, my ex-husband's family objected very strongly to my leaving the country, but the judge was rather sympathetic. . . .

We had a dreadful, absolutely dreadful, period of time after that. My ex-mother-in-law was making all kinds of threats all over the place and people who are my friends were very much concerned and were calling me. There had been threats on my life over the telephone. It had, well, I had come back to the same thing that I was doing months ago—just to take the phone off the hook. I would pick up the phone and nothing but laughter, you know. I felt just pretty scared. It was pretty stupid. I reported that to the police. Well, there is the policy now, nothing can be done until it's done. See, they couldn't even tap my phone. They couldn't even check the phone calls because they were coming from another extension. So, the only thing—well, they said just lock your doors and be careful. Don't go out at night and things like that. But, unless any of these threats are carried out, there is nothing they can do. . . . Believe me I've been through such hell that I am tired of—I am tired to the point, I honestly don't care what's going to happen.

I am very concerned about my daughter, but I don't truly believe he will hurt my daughter. . . . See, I would not object at all to my daughter coming home to visit her father for six weeks during the summer, but the only thing I am afraid of is I shall have to come back and fight. Well, maybe they just might disappear. I don't want to think about that. . . . I don't believe I have a right to make a decision for her. She's got her own right to find out that her father is a bum. It's not me telling her, "Well, your father was one step from being a monster and that's why we had to go." She's got the right to know who her father is. She's got a right to know people. . . .

I had my tires cut on my car. I had terrible phone calls. Also, well he had tried to really put pressure on people in talking—you know—telling what a terrible person I was. Well, if I didn't happen to work, if I had just lived with him happily on the farm—I don't know, maybe people would have believed him. Well, there was constant pressure from him to take my daughter away from me. People would ask, "Have you settled down, both of you or whatever?" It was absolutely everything—anything. It seems like that would be enough. It doesn't seem like much when you talk about it except when you have to live that way for a year.

I am already in the process of selling my furniture, and I didn't really realize how much it was going to bother me. It's going in your bedroom and there's nothing there at all. Sleeping on the couch. Right in the middle of nowhere. What are we going to do? I know we are going to be alright. I know it's going to work out. It's just rather frightening. . . . Rather frightening, and I'm not a very easily intimidated person, but it is frightening. . . . From now on, I am on my own and I've got to grab absolutely anything that comes my way to do the best I can. I'm not afraid I'm going to make it. . . . I am petrified. . . . People would stop me just to tell me that I should be glad that I was out of that mess. . . . from a very violent family. . . . You are young enough, you can start your own life all over again which is probably very true.

I don't know. How long does it take not to look back, not to ask yourself and question, why did it go wrong? What have I done? Could we have saved it? Was it worth it or whatever? . . .

I am really afraid of changes. I get very attached to people and places. I am very emotional and it breaks my heart when something like that goes wrong, especially if it's your life. And it scared me to death. There I was in a different country with nobody around me. . . . and I'm going to be on my own and I know I'm going to be alright. I knew it then, but it scared me even then. It's getting better. I know I can be happy on my own. If I could only get away from it all. Just put it all behind me, which I'm not allowed to.

SHARON'S STORY

My husband was meaner than a dog to me from the first two weeks right on up until I got rid of him. He would still be right now. . . . That's when I got my divorce in 1972. I had just had so much hell all my life. I had two daughters at home, and I sued for divorce and custody. I got my divorce in 1973. They gave me custody of the two daughters and he had to furnish them \$125 a month. That was all I got is \$125 a month for them two children, both of them in school. I couldn't begin to tell you the times that I have had.

When you start crying and they know they're hurting you, that's when you keep it up. . . . That's what I used to do, just cry when my husband would break every dish in the house, tear the window shades down, the curtains down, tear the furniture we had up. He would tear everything we had up, I would just sit down and cry. That went on for years. I would be out to his mother's taking care of his mother and daddy, staying with them cooking and waiting on them all. He would tear everything we had in our house—I would sit down and cry about it. Wouldn't do a thing, wouldn't fight him back or nothing. Two weeks after we were married, I had on a new hat my mother had bought me. We was raking hay in the hot sun and I went in the house and got that hat to keep the sun off me. He took that hat off my head and got his knife out of his pocket. He said, "You dare me to shuck this hat up?" I said, "No, I don't dare you to cut that hat up." I knew he would, if I dared him to. He cut it all to pieces anyway, two weeks after we were married. I was a fool for not walking off then. I would have had one child, but that would have been all. I should have walked off and went back to my dad and mother. I was raised up in the head of this hollow here, but I never was the person that wanted to go back on my parents after I married. . . . I didn't have a family that could have helped. They weren't financially able. . . . He hit me from then on. He always was hitting me on the arm with his fist. I'm real easily bruised, I've always been like that, and he would hit my arm with his fist back then, and just kept my arm blue all the time. . . .

I can tell you of one occasion, he was mean to me when I was pregnant. I had seven children by this man and miscarried three times. My oldest son, when I got pregnant with him, we were trading with a man down the road from us. As soon as my husband found out that I was pregnant, he was doing everything in the world himself—out with women, doing everything and having a big time. He was trying to put it off on me, like I was the mean one, covering up his own meanness, he thought, but he couldn't. He told me the child was this merchant's that runs the store. And he said, "I'm not taking you to the hospital if you lay here and die." Everytime he would get mad that's what he would say. While I was pregnant with that child, he bought me a little electric percolator for Christmas. It wasn't long before he wore me out with the cord. He got so mean to me. When I would get up and cook breakfast he would jump on me every morning—he threw dishes and everything at me. I said to him, "I'm not able to get up and cook for you, I don't feel like it." I said, "You just get up and fix your breakfast and go on to work." And I said, "I'll get up and cook the children breakfast later on, get them off to school." He had brought in two loaves of bread one night and he threw them up on top of the refrigerator and that's where I had kept the cord to the percolator to keep it from getting lost. Well he knocked it behind the refrigerator. He got out of bed cursing wanting to know where that cord was to that percolator. I said, "I keep it on the refrigerator." He said, "You're a damn liar." He was just cursing me all to pieces. He said, "It's not there." I said, "You brought in two loaves of bread and throwed them on top of the refrigerator. You go back and look and see if you hadn't knocked it behind the refrigerator." He went in there and I heard him getting it from behind the refrigerator and pulling that refrigerator out. He come back in there with that cord doubled and he pulled the cover down and made marks all over my body with that cord, and me pregnant. He beat on me with his fist and done me every way in the world.

When I got sick to go to the hospital that summer, I got up sick on Sunday morning and I knew I was going to have to go to the hospital. He was going to church at that time. He was the treasurer-man in the church. Well, here come the preacher. I asked him to go to the hospital with me in front of that preacher, so I would have a witness when I went to court. I said, "You are going to the hospital with me." He said, "No, I'm not going to the hospital, I don't have any business at the hospital." I said, "Well, I guess you'll have to carry my suitcase." I had packed everything I had and that I had for the baby, afraid he would burn it up while I was gone. He grabbed the suitcase and put it in the truck. That was on Sunday night and I never seen him until Monday night way after dark. He come over there. The baby was born and I liked to have died. The doctors had told me if you hadn't been in the hospital, you would have been a dead woman. I layed there and I prayed to die, I cried. . . .When they got me in the delivery room, I begged the doctor not to do nothing to me, I begged him not to save my life, to let me go on. I said I'm just throwed off like a cow to have a calf. . . .

LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES

"The poor become part of the official police record; the middle class conceals its family violence from the public and official view."

A Survey of Spousal Violence Against Women in Kentucky, Louis Harris and Associates, Inc., for the Kentucky Commission on Women, 1979.

Few women choose to invoke criminal sanctions on their husbands because, among other reasons, they are unaware a crime is being committed when an assault occurs; they fear punitive retaliation from the husbands; or, they experience acute shame and embarrassment which acts to prevent them from making a public statement. Concomitant with these feelings, women, by remaining silent, seek to protect their husband's public name and reputation in his profession and in the community. Divorce through the civil courts is another legal option and unknown numbers choose that route; however, the process associated with effecting a restraining order acquired as part of the divorce procedure is slow and often ineffective in stopping the assaults or harassment.

The small number of women entering the legal system via the criminal process, or through the police or warrant procedure, do so ordinarily because they seek a solution, lack alternatives to stopping the assaults or cannot afford private housing, private legal assistance, or other means of escape.

The criminal process is often tedious and certainly complex, particularly for those women lacking an advocate or attorney to assist them. Once in the system, women encounter a host of different officials—police, prosecutors, and judges who have different attitudes and beliefs about wife abuse. These officials also have different methods or approaches to working with situations of domestic violence. Women encounter different mechanisms such as warrants, summonses, restraining orders, each document associated with a different process or activity. Therefore, as a result of choosing this route, the woman will often find herself involved in events for which she is unprepared.

Police

Most commonly, a woman's initial contact with the criminal justice system is via the police. The woman's purpose in seeking police intervention is protection from further assault, frequently by having the attacker removed from the home either through imprisonment or removal to a neutral setting. Furthermore, police intervention is intended as a signal to the husband that his behavior is illegal. However, in dealing with domestic assault or wife battering calls, a police officer's acknowledged purpose tends to be different. Not only are the police reluctant to intervene, but once in the home their activity is directed primarily toward "calming things down." Officially, the role of the police as taught in crisis intervention courses is to arbitrate or defuse the situation—to determine what the problem is, to decide whether to mediate, to make a referral to another agency, to make an arrest, or to "get out of there as soon as possible."

In certain areas of the state, i.e., the more rural, isolated counties, the Kentucky State Police is the primary enforcement agency. According to former Kentucky State Police Commissioner Kenneth Brandenburg, two possible responses ordinarily occur:

One. . . to assess the victim with a view toward medical issues. If there was some acute medical need, he would see that an ambulance was dispatched and you were taken to a medical facility. The second area, and I'm assuming by the time the trooper gets there the confrontation, the conflict has terminated, would be to discuss with you the alternatives you have in terms of access to the courts for purposes of obtaining a warrant. . . .

However, translated into field behavior, he confirmed the fairness of the following statement by a victim of abuse. . . a succinct way of putting it all together:

My beaten appearance and saying that he's threatening to kill me really provides no basis for any sort of removal or intervention on the part of the State Police other than to defuse. . . other than to talk to him.

A small urban area police captain acknowledged his unit responded to scenes of domestic violence only under duress or direct orders from their superior. "The Judge, he's still our ultimate boss and he

requested we answer these calls and, if nothing else, be the peacemaker." A city policeman cogently described his intention as, "I try not to take any action at all, if it is possible."

Police in the field tend to perceive themselves in a no-win or self-defeating situation as few have valid information about why a battering situation exists and why the woman, apparently acting in a consenting fashion, remains to be beaten again. Early in their careers, some officers will arrest the husband and seek to assist the woman:

I can recall instances when I first got on I was going to save the world and I would lock the guy up and then you would see them walking in the courtroom arm and arm. There was nothing wrong at all that night, they just had a small misunderstanding, you know. It came across like something had been wrong with me.

Arrest is the last resort and most commonly the woman is referred to the County Attorney's Office to acquire a warrant. Most cases of spouse abuse are labeled as misdemeanors and, historically in Kentucky, police have been required to witness the crime in order to make an arrest. This fact was offered as a rationale by police for refusing to make an arrest. A Northern Kentucky policeman gave this example:

I remember one night when we got called. A lady called and said she was beaten by her husband. When I arrived, you couldn't find a clean place on her face. She had been beaten so bad, blood was all over her face. Well, we advised her then she'd have to obtain a warrant before we would take him.

As of July 1980, Kentucky police were given statutory authority to make "warrantless arrests" in cases of domestic violence. With probable cause, or if they believe enough evidence or justification is present to assign responsibility for assault to the husband, they may make an immediate arrest without a warrant. The intent of this legislation is to assist the woman in acquiring immediate removal of her attacker and to allow police to legally intervene. At this time, this legislation has not had significant impact on the number of batterers arrested. The rationale offered is that police don't "trust" the legislation and that they are afraid of getting caught up in court battles which will unnecessarily take up their time. Moreover, even though the upper echelons of police administration concur with the intent of this legislation, the belief was expressed that "you can't control the behavior of the police on the street."

Generally, police behavior in domestic assault situations may be characterized as apathetic and self-defensive. Several factors are involved in this nonaction posture, including the attitudes and beliefs about women who are beaten. These beliefs create behaviors serving to discriminate against the woman or wife who is being assaulted. Present is that stereotypical belief that the woman must like to be abused or she would leave. At some level the woman respects power in a man and her choice to remain is evidence that she deserves to be beaten. One police captain stated, "In my opinion, I think she should have already been gone—divorced and gone. So, in my opinion, she deserves it if she has to stay." Provocation plays an active role in these assessments as evidenced by this policeman's analysis: "Depending on the situation, if she was really abused, beat up, she probably did something to deserve it."

Moreover, the norm establishing a man's home as his personal domain with activity there being private makes the definition of criminal activity ambiguous. As one urban police lieutenant queried, "What is spouse abuse? Has anyone ever actually determined? If a man comes in from work and, having a couple of drinks, and he comes in and his wife gets on his case and he hauls off and gives her an open hand upside the face. . . . Could this be called abuse?"

The acceptance of certain limits on battering reflects the woman's powerlessness, the negation of her freedom from assault, and loss of her right to safety in her own home. Underlying this acceptance is the belief the woman is basically the property of her husband. An attorney in Ashland commented:

I think it's a problem of latent sexism, especially up here. . . . that a wife is chattel and the husband has a right to discipline her as he sees fit. There is also the tradition. . . . that one's family is one's castle. Outsiders don't come in and interfere in a private situation. . . . and if your wife gets out of line, you can whip her a little too.

Ignorance of the wife's motivation, her fear of retribution, and her inability to leave lead to police frustration and dismissal of wife battering as an inappropriate focus for their activity. This notion that wife battering or family violence is not an important part of a policeman's job and should be transferred over to other helping agencies in the community is common:

A lot of young police out there do not feel like this is a run the police should have to make. It should be left to social workers or doctors. Send them down to see why some guy is whipping his wife, and find out why he is doing it.

Implicit in this notion is the acknowledgement that a husband's "whipping" or assaulting his wife is not a crime and does not warrant the attention of the police.

The consequences of this passivity and arbitrary selective enforcement of the law on the part of police are many. Serving to maintain the phenomenon of wife beating, the husband is offered tacit approval of his violent behavior within certain limits and is pretty well assured he will not be punished. The wife is caught in a situation where even though assault is a crime, she is informed assault on her person is not serious enough to warrant intervention.

Warrants

Generally, when a woman seeks a warrant, it is not the first time she has been beaten. As one prosecutor observed, "She's just finally drawn the line and said, 'This is it. I'm going to take out a warrant'."

If a woman makes the decision to seek a warrant, she will, if in an urban area, go to the Warrant Division of the District Court or County Attorney's Office. If in a rural area, she will go to the County Attorney. Two types of warrants may be issued: an arrest warrant, generally directed to the man who is going to spend time in jail, and a summons warrant, which informs the man he is to appear in court on a certain date and explain the complaint that has been lodged against him.

Overtly, the acquisition of a warrant appears to be a simple and easy process; however, what must be acknowledged is the arbitrary criteria for issuing the warrant, the traumatizing experience of making the affidavit to acquire the warrant, and the time delay in the serving of the warrant.

What constitutes criteria for issuing a warrant is not standard across the state or even in a district. The attitudes of the County Attorney and the District Judge are pertinent, and the fact that the situation is domestic seems to cue a more than conservative reaction among many. Indicative of the potential subjectivity involved, one prosecutor described the criteria to be: "The experience of the person handling, listening to the complaint, determining whether or not to give the warrant." A rural attorney observed about women who seek legal intervention: "Nobody will come, so it really doesn't matter who they call." Moreover: "Even if they get themselves to safety and they want a warrant issued, they won't get one. They'll go to the District Judge who's responsibility is to issue warrants and he won't issue it. He'll tell them it is a domestic matter."

A divorced woman assaulted by her ex-husband had her warrant request denied on the basis it was a domestic quarrel. Quite angrily she commented: "I've been beaten up pretty bad. I've got bruises all over me. Now if he comes in 15 years and, on the grounds we were once married, beats me up, would that be domestic? Would that qualify as a domestic quarrel?"

Some judges, because of the intimate nature of the relationship involved and their concern about the sincerity of motives of the person seeking a warrant, have established policy to not issue warrants or to issue them only on certain conditions: "I won't give a warrant anymore when a married woman comes and seeks a warrant against her husband or a woman who is living with her boyfriend. What I do is I refer them. . . ."

Also, the issuance of a criminal summons is common in some jurisdictions in lieu of an arrest warrant. A criminal summons is a document mailed to the accused notifying him that a complaint has been lodged against him and a date is given for him to appear and respond in court. One judge described his district's procedure as: "where someone comes down, begins a warrant, a summons is issued. We set it for a court date. . . .then the clerk's office notifies by telephone the complaining witness. . . ." According to a policeman:

Most judges, I'm sure, from their experiences won't issue a warrant. They usually issue a criminal summons which is nothing. There is a 50-50 chance on getting a warrant. When you send them down there asking for a warrant, they ask you, well, what is your address—1800 South 2nd; what is his address—1800 South 2nd; immediately criminal summons. You have to go away around, that is, for the lady to give her mother's address and her maiden name and give this guy's right address and his right name.

The process of swearing a warrant can be a traumatizing experience as the woman must publicly relate intimate information to an anonymous and frequently skeptical official. As one attorney pointed out:

Swearing a warrant is an embarrassing experience for anyone, particularly an abused spouse. I don't need to tell you it's an embarrassing situation to most women to come in and say that they have put up with this for "x" period of time. . . .The prosecutors are all men. . . .They have been told by their employers, namely the County Attorney, to discourage warrants at every point in time.

One woman described her experience as being acutely demeaning:

You're sitting there telling this fellow your husband beat you. . . .There's no pride. Not that a person would be proud, but you lose everything when you go public. You lose it all. You feel like the person who did it should be feeling.

A delay ordinarily exists in the period between when the warrant is acquired and when it is served or the accused is arrested. This process encompasses a potentially wide range of time. Additionally, the woman often must find the accused herself and notify the police of his whereabouts:

That pick up could take a week. It could take two weeks, it could take a month. It could take ad infinitum, particularly if she is unaware of his whereabouts.

A policeman in an urban area commented on what he termed ordinary circumstance:

An ordinary circumstance without any trickery involved, you are going to get a criminal summons and it will probably be a month at least or two, maybe, three before it comes up. . . .Just going down there and taking a warrant out, let's say, it will take two days for the first policeman to come to your house.

Charges

In Kentucky, there are three degrees of assault and most commonly wife battering is considered an assault in the third degree or a misdemeanor, punishable in District Court by a fine up to \$500 or incarceration up to a year. In spouse abuse cases, no prosecutor or judge interviewed knew of someone receiving the maximum sentence.

If a weapon was used, or serious physical damage occurs, the assault becomes a felony of the second degree and moves up to the Commonwealth Attorney's Office and the Circuit Court. Wife battering is charged as a third degree assault because, as an attorney observed, "Unfortunately, unless it's a real severe case, Commonwealths have more serious cases to try and to be concerned with."

Also, women do not have the proper evidence, i.e., witnesses, medical records, or have not reported the assault comprehensively to the clerk or County Attorney in making out the initial affidavit. Discussing the assault that occurs in the home, a judge emphasized the significance of proof:

Obviously these do not get prosecuted with the vigor of police arrests. Because, not only do you have two parties to an assault, but you have a third party, an agent of the Commonwealth, who witnessed some action and it's not a swearing contest between two people.

Restraining Order

A restraining order is a document that can be acquired only if an action is filed in Circuit Court, i.e., a felony or divorce. The purpose of the restraining order is to prevent or "restrain" an individual from appearing around the property or person. In spouse abuse cases a restraining order is most frequently issued on the husband when the wife files for divorce. Most women are confused or misled about the effects of a restraining order in prohibiting further assaults from the husband. Among police, attorneys, or court-related personnel, the power of the order is recognized to be quite limited or, in the words of one attorney: "You can shoot a hole right through one, really." Among most individuals interviewed, the value of a restraining order is, in fact, perceived to be almost worthless. They are not self-enforcing and, therefore, if an individual violates an order. . . ."The only thing he is guilty of or can be held or found guilty of is being in contempt of court." What follows in lieu of incarceration is a "show cause" hearing. And the length of time from when the breach of the restraining order occurs and the hearing is held can be. . . ."forever, forever." One attorney offered a more specific explanation of the process:

Now in order to do that (and this is why a restraining order is virtually worthless other than the emotional and psychological benefits of it). . . .it's a two-step process. The first is that you have to make a motion to set a date for a hearing to show cause. Now in this county you have to file any motion and notice in five days. Every Friday they have a motion hour, so if, in fact, there was a breach of the restraining order on a Thursday, you couldn't get the motion to set the date till the next Friday and at that point they set a date for the hearing which could be from a week to a month. . . .You're talking about an almost three week period.

Further time may be added if "you are in a county where the Circuit Judge is there only once a month" or "say he doesn't show when he is summoned. Then you go ahead and set another one. . . .By that time who needs it? It's four or five months down the line."

Prosecutor

When a woman brings charges via the warrant against her abuser, her case is assigned to a prosecutor either in the County Attorney's office or in the Commonwealth Attorney's office. Necessarily, a strong factor in the prosecution of spouse abuse cases is the prosecutor's expectations or, as with the police, his/her attitudes and beliefs about wife battering.

One prevailing belief, partially established as fact, is that the woman ultimately will refuse to prosecute, rendering the work of the prosecutor worthless. Speaking of cases in which women have suffered felonious assaults, a Commonwealth Attorney maintained, "They have been very frustrating. Uniformly, the women have tried to back out of prosecuting." Another attorney reflected, "It's frustrating because a lot of times people won't help themselves. It's difficult to know how far I should go to help somebody who won't help herself."

The intense exasperation over women who fail to follow through on prosecution tends to affect the management of the case: "You start to get hardened about it. . . and then you say to yourself, it's private. If she wants to continue to put up with this, there's not anything we can do. . . She's got to go away or file for divorce."

Sometimes the frustration manifests itself in hostility toward the woman as exemplified in this reported case:

The wife always comes into court a week or month later and drops it. We always dismiss it and give her a tongue-lashing in front of the judge, and the judge gives her a tongue-lashing and the judge tells her if they are going to fight and if they are going to use the courts, they've got to stay with it.

In contrast to this perspective, an attorney who has represented battered woman complained about the degradation women suffer in attempting to use their legal options:

You shouldn't be treated to the: "Well, are you going to drop it? How many times? What did you do to provoke him? How many times have you gotten warrants before?". . . Here's a woman with bruises all over her. . . I don't think anybody would pretend that when one is beaten by the person one loves, it's the same thing as getting into a drunken fight down on the corner. It's a whole lot worse, and, if anything, it ought to be treated a lot more respectfully.

The issues of provocation and the seriousness of abuse are present in the prosecutorial process:

That's the reason I always ask the question, "Did he hit you one time or more than once?" Because I can see anybody being provoked to hit somebody one time and really hurt them that first time, but if he then continued to pound on her, then I think it comes out of the provocation situation.

Finally, the self-image among prosecutors tends to be affected by the battered woman and consequently affects case management. Speaking of her professional peers, a prosecutor maintained, "I feel a lot of them have this real God-tripping savior image. I can take care of this, I can handle this woman.' And they can't. You know, they can't."

Judges

What is descriptive of prosecutors tends to be true of judges in Kentucky. Attitudes and beliefs are varied as is the subsequent treatment of these acts in their courts. As one judge observed, "I'll tell you quite frankly, you interview 23 different judges, you will get 23 different opinions." There are, however, some commonalities.

The issue of provocation surfaced as did beliefs about masochism in women. Also present, as with the prosecutors, is the frustration over the women who will not prosecute or voluntarily act as witnesses in the state's prosecution. Speaking of women who dropped the charges against the husband or lover, a judge said:

I couldn't believe these women because in my opinion they were being very weak. They wouldn't stand up and enforce their rights after the court had gone through all the trouble to issue a warrant and the police arrested the man and put him in jail.

Other judges tend to see the problems of the woman in a different perspective as exemplified in this judge's assessment:

The warrant has been taken out—say the guy's been arrested or a summons letter goes. Now what does she do? She does not have necessary shelter, collateral support in the community, economic stability or independence. Who do they turn to? You're talking about two or three months down the line she's existing out there with family pressure and the economic pressures to reconcile and go back within this imprisoning relationship.

Another judge noted the significance of that time period and its potential impact on a woman's follow-up in court. "I think, if there's a failing or a gap, it's the time between the complaint and their appearance in court which seems to be a very, very critical period."

Many judges, not only because a certain percentage of women drop charges, but because they too believe the myths about family life, concede the abuse of a wife to be a private matter to be contained within the family. A judge analyzed, "Judges deal with wife abuse everyday. And I would probably have to say when I started this I was inclined to believe that it was one of those things that was best not brought into court for any number of reasons. And unless you have taken the opportunity to educate yourself about just what is going on, I suspect that this is probably a prevalent attitude."

Education about the phenomenon of spouse abuse includes not only the social-economic issues, but also the psychological dynamics functioning within a battering relationship. One judge observed that he, "would say there's an increased awareness among the judges, but we have some judges who just don't care." Having defended a woman charged with a felony, a defense attorney related:

The judge let me get in the testimony about the alcoholism and he let the children testify about Daddy beating up Mommy over the past seven years and he let me show how badly battered she was. He just didn't understand the idea that there is an emotional, psychological problem involved with a woman who has been battered.

Case Management and Adjudication

Among prosecutors and judges interviewed, a disparity of opinions exists regarding the criminality of spouse abuse and whether or not the criminal courts are the appropriate arena in which to confront the problem. One prosecutor stated:

The only way to handle the spouse abuse problem is through the divorce courts. Get a restraining order and get the man out of the house or get the woman out of the house. Get the children protected because we can't keep people in jail. . . So without getting a divorce and getting the problem permanently solved, I don't see any solution to spouse abuse in the criminal courts. It's just not the proper place for it.

Reminiscent of the police, a judge analyzed that District Courts were not intended to deal with domestic violence and that social welfare agencies would more adequately contend with those acts: "Juvenile Court is not set up to make kids eat their Wheaties. These courts are not set up to make married people like each other or not hit each other. It's a matter for some social agency unless maybe there's some way you could counsel the wife to make her hate that husband enough to prosecute him. I doubt it."

In contrast, another judge observed about domestic violence and the judicial process:

What it is, is keeping violence down in the community. . . The question is how you, in fact, when do you make a determination that criminal prosecution is the methodology to end socially dysfunctional violent behavior. I handle it as a crime of violence, not as a social problem.

Frequently, the woman will not meet the prosecutor until the day of the trial. . . . "We usually don't have any contact with the prosecuting witnesses until the day of the trial. . . . ninety-nine out of a hundred times, it's the day of the trial when we have our first contact with the prosecuting witness." This meeting can be anywhere from one to "two months to three or four since the incident has taken place." How the case will be managed, i.e., refusing the case, taking the case to trial or plea bargaining, is a discretionary decision on the part of the prosecutor: "Once all the information is gathered, we can choose to prosecute the case. . . . we can dismiss the case. . . . or we can take the middle road and recommend some sort of disposition such as a suspended sentence." An attorney offered this perspective about prosecution of abuse cases:

When you add that to the fact that so many people aren't informed of when their case is called anyway or the prosecutor doesn't cooperate as far as calling your witnesses, you've got to prosecute the damn case by yourself. If you expect him to interview you and find out who your witnesses are and then subpoena them and interview them beforehand and be prepared to put on a case, forget it, unless you've hired somebody to prosecute a case for you and it's some fancy murder case involving two prominent families. If you're just some welfare mother out in the country whose husband beats on her every weekend or more, you can forget it unless you prosecute your own case.

Because most cases are plea bargained, there is no ordinary adjudication. What happens as a result depends, according to a prosecutor, largely on the prosecutorial discretion:

The vast majority of them are resolved in conference. They are not tried before a judge. You have a disparity between prosecutors. Every person over there—prosecutor, judge—everybody has their own things they consider to be serious and they consider to be petty. . . .

The largest percentage of cases are adjudicated with a probated sentence or assessment of a fine. One judge stated: "The usual sentence is a small fine not a very big fine, and court costs, plus days in jail which are suspended on the condition it not happen again in two years." This tends apparently to be the expectation, as one judge said: "I've heard plenty a fellow say he is guilty and usually he is expecting probated time." If the injury is severe, serving time on weekends is used by some prosecutors as an option because a major concern prohibiting serious penalties is the issue of loss of income on the part of the family if the husband is jailed:

Yes, just to accommodate his work schedule, I like to do that because by putting him in four or five weekends, it gives him a taste of what it would be like. I also put 12 months probation or time in jail probated for two years.

Ultimately, in plea bargaining the objective of the prosecutor appears to be, as an urban attorney said, . . . "to scare the husband. . . . I'm trying to talk in terms of coming down as forceful as possible."

Mediation Court Programs

Several urban districts—Louisville, Lexington and Covington—have instituted court mediation programs which divert individuals from the warrant process into a different process called mediation, "a fancy name for a pre-trial hearing." Prior to acquiring a warrant, individuals are diverted to any one of the group of mediators to discuss complaints to "come in outside the courtroom and discuss their cases and decide whether or not the case can be resolved without it going into a court setting."

In addition to diverting cases out of the warrant process, uninformed individuals are offered options to possible undesirable criminal proceedings which occur via the warrant process. Moreover, in this process, women are advised of alternate support programs in the community. At the time of

these interviews, in Covington a woman was to be referred first to the Woman's Crisis Center in lieu of the County Attorney.

In terms of spouse abuse, a woman who chooses mediation retains the option of criminal prosecution. Jay Smythe of the Lexington program says. . . . "I make it clear that you never give up the right to prosecute." He also informs women they are taking a chance in using mediation as an alternative to criminal courts. . . . "a 50 percent chance that it will work and 50 percent chance that it won't."

The strengths of the mediation programs are considered to be the choice given those women who do not want to see their husbands incarcerated, but desire an authoritarian figure or official to intervene in other than a criminal capacity. Additionally, a significant strength according to one official, is the time and attention given to an individual as compared to that given in District Court: "It's almost like a meat packing process through the criminal courts. It's a circus over there. You know, it's lining up 50 people at once and asking them how they plead. It's a herd of cattle."

Criticisms of these programs include, as one judge involved in the organization of a court mediation program stated, the perception that mediation can be conceived as "tacit acceptance of abuse and other crimes." Via mediation, these assaults are not prosecuted in the same manner or with the same intent as other assaults and, ultimately, the same message is sent to the husband as when he is probated or fined—that, in fact, his crime is not a serious nature. Others believed mediation programs to be a questionable alternative to adequate enforcement of our present laws: "I don't think civil relief or mediation in a criminal sense is going to solve our problems. . . . I think we have all the criminal statutes we need to prosecute in domestic cases. The problem is one of getting warrants, getting police action."

Finally, by choosing the mediation process, court systems have made a decision to mitigate their purposes, as valid attention to the crime of domestic violence involves. . . . "a much bigger uphill battle—it involves upgrading the consciousness of every single law enforcement person in Kentucky to get them to realize that an assault is an assault is an assault. . . ." Furthermore, an attorney maintained. . . . "The courts don't want to be bothered. . . . they think most of their cases are privileged; I don't think they are. . . ."

The Client

Battered women have unique qualities and special problems which may make them difficult clients. They have, in a sense, been psychologically indoctrinated with the belief they possess little competency, are stupid, and are basically worthless. This indoctrination hinders that first aggressive step toward prosecution. As one attorney observed about many battered women clients:

Their self-concept is totally destroyed by the abusive spouse who calls them everything from a slut to an idiot. They are accustomed to being bound in the house, as their husbands are often times possessive to a pathological extent, so they think the outside world may be harsher than the abusive home.

Present also is the irrational belief maintained by the client that whatever her husband says is true. When he tells her she will lose everything, that he will not sign for the divorce, that nobody will believe her, the abused wife becomes highly dependent on her attorney. Using her attorney as a constant source of verification, the woman seeks assurance that what she is doing is correct and her husband's stories are lies:

I was constantly having to answer her questions. She would say, "tell me this, and tell me this. What are we going to do about this?" And, "Oh, my gosh, if this is true?"—and none of these things were true. . . . I could never convince her of that—she always believed him.

One spouse abuse specialist described some victim clients as being anything but calm and definitive in their posture, "because they don't have the capacity to think ahead and they act and react like crazy without thinking about the consequences of their behavior."

In terms of the specific legal process and its complexities, victims of abuse are frequently without any knowledge or understanding of what is happening. This is complicated by the fact that they first meet their particular prosecutor the very day of the hearing and in the presence of their husbands. A battered wife described her state of mind as being "similar to shellshock," and expressed gratification that a professional was present to assist her through the legal process, much of which she did not understand.

During the long lapses of time between having the warrant served and the case tried is the critical period when some women will decide to drop the charges. Instead of assigning to this failure to prosecute the simplistic explanation that women insincerely use the court system, an attorney and advocate for battered women indicated that, in reality, the rationale for dropping charges is more complex:

You can only get so far and then you have no place to go, no counseling network. If you have no support from the community or from your family or from public opinion just in general, if it's not socially acceptable, if you are financially dependent on the person who is beating you—any of these reasons, and if you combine them all, you've got to expect most people not to go through with it.

Women generally do not perceive their husbands as criminals, nor are they seeking revenge for their abuse. Dropping charges may occur when the women believe their husbands have been shocked into different behavior. Contrary to the image of the "Saturday night fight couple," few women will reinstitute charges:

Their motivation for dropping the charges was because they really didn't want to see the guy in jail. They were not trying to get revenge—they were just hoping the shock of being in court would be enough. We work very hard to convince them that it is not enough.

Added to this concern for her spouse's welfare is a real fear of retribution from the husband and the community. Many women, as a District Judge noted, come to the courts wanting. . . "something done, but as soon as you mention warrant, she says, 'No, if he gets picked up by the police, no telling what he will do to me.' "

For those women who do seek court intervention or acquire a warrant for their husband, it is a measure of last resort—an attempt to stop his behavior. As one woman said:

I didn't have anything on my side. . . . Nobody could come in my home and knock him out. I couldn't and that was something that helped me knowing I could go to that courtroom and somebody would help me. Somebody would say (to my husband) "You cannot do this. It is illegal."

A paralegal, whose specialty is battered wives, pointed out the purpose of women seeking legal assistance varies, but a single purpose is common to all who seek criminal sanctions against their husbands: "They just want their husbands to stop beating them. They just want him away from them."

Lobbying for alteration of the present criminal process to more adequately address the special requirements of an abused women rather than "sweeping it under the rug," a prosecutor stated:

I mean I think our system is copping out—saying O.K., these are just messy, troublesome, emotionally explosive situations and we don't want to deal with them because they don't fit into our usual way of handling cases.

A spouse abuse specialist complained:

The prosecution isn't so much what I'm interested in. What I would love to see is them adjudicated to therapy. . . . Somebody needs to get some help and the courts are the only people who have the ability to say to someone, "and you are going to be doing this for six months and at that time we will look this over again." I think the deals that go on over there and the suspended sentences are merely stupid—it's a waste of my time and my client's time.

WHERE DO WOMEN GO FOR HELP?

"The victim of spousal violence or spousal abuse in Kentucky has few places to turn for assistance whether she be white or nonwhite, middle class or poor, with children or without children."

A Survey of Spousal Violence Against Women in Kentucky, Louis Harris and Associates, Inc., for the Kentucky Commission on Women, 1979

Places where a battered women can go for help are limited in this state, particularly in the rural areas. She is faced with either an almost total absence of services in the rural areas, or is confronted with working her way through a maze of publicly funded social service programs which can be frustrating and baffling. Additionally, she must be highly selective in her choice of a clinician as few are knowledgeable of the dynamics of family violence. As in other areas of the general population, among the helping professionals ignorance about the presence and dynamics of spouse abuse is extensive.

Members of the helping professions also have been subjected to the myths of the family and stereotypes of the battered woman. One reason for this is the study of violence, as a phenomenon in a family setting, has not been part of their education or training. Additionally, as with other segments of our society, violence toward women has been ignored or explained in terms of women's pathology, or as a communication problem between a husband and wife. This ignorance is further complicated by the belief that what transpires between family members is a private affair, thus precluding any active intervention on the part of social service agencies.

Department for Human Resources

The Department for Human Resources, the umbrella agency for all social service programs provided by the state, was mandated by the legislature through an amendment to the Adult Protective Services Act to investigate within forty-eight hours any report coming from a community of alleged spouse abuse. As with child abuse, individuals, by law, are required to report to the Bureau for Social Services of the Department for Human Resources any suspected or observed spouse abuse situations. As a consequence, the Bureau for Social Services has designated a spouse abuse specialist in each county who has responsibility for conducting investigations and assisting the abused woman in any feasible way "to meet her needs." The law, however, states that in order to receive assistance, the abused woman must agree to prosecute her husband.

Actual services tend to be fragmented and inconsistent throughout the state. Information about the purpose of the DHR program seems centered in the larger urban offices. Also, more developed support systems for women, such as the programs "Alternatives for Women" and "Creative Employment," only exist in urban areas. Representatives from agencies in rural areas appear cognizant of the existence of the state's spouse abuse program, but noted in interviews that their workers are not actively involved. This appears to be because fewer abuse situations are reported in rural areas and may also be because information and policy changes tend to ebb out into the rural areas creating a slower process of change. Additionally, the lack of resources and support such as that found in the urban spouse abuse networks may serve to deter many workers before they actively involve themselves in what may be perceived as futile activity.

The attitudes and beliefs held by caseworkers, as with all other individuals discussed in this report, are clearly significant in their response to a battered woman's request for help. These attitudes factor into the quantity and quality of their assistance--they act as determinants of the attention and effort to be used in the establishment of community resources and education, and in the facilitation of a woman through her many transitions in resolving her dilemma.

With the advent of the spouse abuse program, it was discovered via training programs, from reports of women seeking assistance, and from citizens in the community that the beliefs of many case workers reflected those myths and attitudes commonly held by the public. Basically, according to a spouse abuse specialist for the state, caseworkers believed spouse abuse is, "not anything the state or the officials ought to be into--it's a private matter between a man and his wife. They don't see it as a crime." However, she noted, that while training focusing on spouse abuse had not

necessarily solved their problems in eradicating these beliefs among caseworkers, "it has opened a lot of eyes."

The tangible assistance offered to a woman through the Department for Human Resources programs is singularly lacking and exists in the forms of Emergency Money Grants or Aid for Families with Dependent Children (AFDC). There are problems inherent in each program. Emergency grants may be obtained only one time per year. If during an emergency, a battered woman opts for emergency assistance, she must decide if this crisis is going to be her only one, or more realistically, possibly just one in a series. Women tend to require more than one attempt to leave a battering relationship and the possibility of success is tenuous considering her lack of support and the husband's possible persevering attempts to reinvolve her in their marriage.

If a woman leaves during an emergency, she frequently leaves with only her immediate possessions and, if her departure occurs on a weekend, banks, social services agencies, and legal offices are closed. As a specialist noted, this is an acute problem, but "we have no funds other than the Emergency Grant. We cannot do anything to help the woman."

The second form of tangible assistance, Aid for Families with Dependent Children, is available only after a time delay of 30 days and if the woman has her own residence. An abused woman is, therefore, left without resources for an extensive period of time in which she is to supply herself with housing, food, and any possible medical expenses incurred by herself or her children. Moreover, a mother and one child with no income can receive only \$135 per month. The maximum amount (at time of this report) is only \$345 for a mother with six children and with no income.

Consequently, the role of the caseworker is to act as a referral agent in the community to other agencies offering legal aid, counseling, and in some cases to emergency shelter—assuming those services exist. Otherwise, his/her ability to offer services appears generally negligible.

The Department for Human Resources allotted no funds to expand services through the spouse abuse program. Except for full-time specialists, no staff was designated to fill the positions in the program, simply adding to existing protective service responsibilities which were in themselves extremely stressful: "Our staff in the cities are so over-burdened now. We got no additional staff for this program at all and protective services are probably the worst burn-out of any social work positions because it's such a hard job." A caseworker noted: "In some counties, they have three cases a year. For this county where we see hundreds and hundreds and hundreds, I'm expected to deal with issues, work on a coalition, see clients, train police, do seminars and training. I mean it's just too much to do and it's very hard."

Lack of staff determines scope of services and follow-up which is as critical to a battered woman as the initial intervention. Simply referring them to another agency is inadequate as this approach leaves the woman vulnerable to failure and further assaults. An advocate for abused women described her agency's relationship with the Department for Human Resources as positive because: "I have an excellent working relationship with the Adult Protection workers at the Department for Human Resources because they know that if they have something they can't handle, they can send them over here."

Caseworkers believe lack of funds and staff allocated to Adult Protective Services to assist victims of spouse abuse reflects the policy of the Department for Human Resources, and hampers the effectiveness of spouse abuse specialists in adequately doing their assigned job:

I think there was a law that they felt like they had to deal with. . . . I think that reflects a political reality. I don't think it's so much a social service. I don't think service to spouse abuse clients enters the picture. . . . Spouse abuse is not a powerful issue and political reality is that they don't care. . . . if we are here or we are not here.

Mental Health Services

Battered women may, if finding themselves unable to cope with the problems of violence in their marital relationship, turn to a clinician either privately or at a local community mental health center. Access to clinical services is, however, limited either because of the geographical location, as in the more rural areas of the state where few if any clinicians practice, and in the more subtle sense that few of the many clinicians have expertise or knowledge in the area of spousal violence.

Studies show clinicians tend to reflect the stereotypes and attitudes of the general culture in their determination of pathology and health. Frequently, therefore, an implicit acceptance of sex role stereotypes exists affecting how they will respond to the victim of spousal violence. Fundamental to the problem women face in seeking therapy with abuse, as chief complaints, are clinicians' beliefs about provocation and the existence of a subconscious need to be battered. A significant criticism of the clinical community is that abuse is analyzed in terms of the woman's pathology—not the husband's. An advocate complained that this focus is inappropriate: "Well, let's treat her and that will solve the problem, but the problem is him." A psychologist describing her training noted, "I was taught in school that when women were abused, they were unconsciously asking for it."

A woman who had been the object of her husband's assaults recommended women seek therapy when the beatings begin, but she cautioned that care must be taken in choice of a clinician:

When this happens to any woman initially the best thing she can do is get therapy. . . . go to about ten therapists—that's just how you do it. Talk to your friends, see if they have gone to a therapist and if they liked the therapist. . . . I don't care if they are psychiatrists or not, they wonder why in the world—masochistic, is she a masochist? Why does she put up with it? Just all that old mythlike stuff.

This "blaming the victim" can be partially explained by the refusal of women to reveal abuse as being present in their marital relationship, creating for the clinician a lack of exposure to this problem. Acknowledging that while in therapy she never told her psychologist about the battering, a woman related the most commonly held experience:

He asked me about it and I didn't want to talk about it. I've never talked to anybody in my life about it until just recently. I couldn't do it.

Complicated by the acute reticence of women to reveal this aspect of their marriage, even in what is commonly believed to be an open and trusting relationship, many clinicians fail to inquire of their clients if violence is present in their relationship with their spouse. This information normally is not requested either during the initial intake procedure or during the course of therapy. A psychologist stated: "I guess I didn't even question women about things like that because I assumed it didn't happen. So my experience is, I probably have seen a lot of women who have been abused and I didn't know it."

If battering is mentioned during therapy, it may be treated casually or, as one clinician noted, "as just one more way people get at each other." Battering also may be ignored because of the clinician's own discomfort with the phenomenon of violence or, again his/her failure to grant seriousness to that aspect of the relationship other than assisting the woman to adapt in order to avoid painful confrontations.

Lacking information on the dynamics of spousal violence, some clinicians cannot get past the question of why the woman remains; they fail to deal with other pertinent issues and become frustrated with their client. An abused woman said of her psychiatrist and herself:

His questioning continually was, "Why do you put up with it?" Well, after five years in therapy, I might be able to tell you why I put up with it, but right now I'm asking myself the same thing. Why did I put up with it?

Keeping the family intact has been historically a primary goal of therapy—the direction has been toward helping the woman change her behavior to more effectively adjust to the needs of her husband and family. This approach was consistently criticized by clinicians and individuals in the spouse abuse network. As one social worker noted rather facetiously:

Keeping the family together seems to be the primary goal. . . I mean if you were living with somebody who was doing something like tearing up your furniture all the time, you would probably get rid of him. But if they are tearing up your body, the question is, "What have I done?" And in the mental health field, we have to work with this family, help them understand each other.

Offering her perception of the communication problem which existed between her and her husband, a victim analyzed:

I suppose we had a communication problem, but how can you communicate with someone who is beating you? He had the communication problem. I mean, I guess you could say I did—I don't know. What was there I could communicate other than—Stop!

The assertion that abuse is a symptom of a communication problem in a marriage may be another subtle way of including the victim as an active participant in the battering she receives. In relation to this, an advocate for abused women who is uncomfortable about referring her clients to the clinical community at large reflected that:

Although mental health specialists should be more aware of spouse abuse than others, I don't think they are. I get a lot of recommendations for marital therapy where the premise is two people causing a problem. I don't think that's true here—in an abusive situation.

Presently, we have little information on the changes that occur in relationships as a result of husbands ceasing their assaults on their wives. However, one woman whose husband did seek therapy because of his abuse of her, and his fear that ultimately he would kill her, described her new situation:

I don't talk about his therapy sessions. . . I don't really want to know. Maybe that sounds awful, but that's really his problem and it feels good. He has to take care of it, and it's not my problem now because it's not happening. As long as he is taking care of this problem, I don't want to know. All I know is I see him controlling himself. I don't know if it is a red light that goes on in his head that tells him to stop, but he stops a lot sooner than I ever imagined he would be able to. . . I used to never be able to express anger and I guess it was not two times after he started going that I was just furious and expressed it as such. His answer was, "Let's sit down and talk about it. . . ." And we sat down and talked about it. Why, we had never been able to do that. My goodness, if I had said something like that before, I would have had two black eyes.

Comprehensive Care Centers

Some Comprehensive Care Centers are beginning to devote attention to the area of domestic violence and its impact on the woman and her family. This attention seems to be the result of citizen interest and the large number of abused women who are beginning to use the HELP-LINES to seek assistance. These agencies are beginning to train their staff in techniques applicable to effective treatment in family violence, to work with, or in association with, agencies in the community. These developing relationships are in a training capacity as with the Landsdowne Mental Health Center and the Ashland community or in alliance with groups interested in developing shelters and facilities for battered women such as the Mountain Comprehensive Care Center and DASH (Domestic Abuse Support Housing). In some communities, however, the mental health centers are themselves struggling to survive; hence they are unable to offer extensive clinical services.

As with many service programs, the community mental health agencies are generally believed, though private, to serve only individuals in a lower economic status. This prevents many middle and upper class women from seeking their services. Another factor in the small communities is fear of loss of confidentiality—that with the intimacy so characteristic of many communities, everyone will become aware of a particular woman seeking clinical services.

Spouse Abuse Centers

A significant problem for those women without access to shelter during periods of crisis is they have no place to go. As one policeman said, "I've seen ladies go to shopping center parking lots, just take the car, go shopping and just sleep there. I've seen them sleep in school yards, things like that. . . sleep on other people's porches." Commonly across the state, people working with abused women were desperate for access to shelters. Situation after situation was presented as evidence for the need for spouse abuse centers or safe houses, not only to remove women from violent or threatening situations, but also to give them relief from the pressure of the husband's presence. This time alone would allow women to analyze objectively their situations and to consider alternatives. An attorney in the eastern part of the state, where there is no spouse abuse center and women must be transported to Lexington, Louisville, or out of state, related a story of a woman trapped in a situation which paralyzed her ability to function or to escape:

I had a woman call me up about two weeks ago who couldn't . . . she couldn't leave to come down for an appointment. He was disabled or . . . g and was constantly there. . . She was just so afraid because she had nowhere . . . If she filed for divorce and her husband was served with papers, then her life would probably be endangered. I couldn't go out there because that would be as bad as her coming here. She's the kind of person who would need a place to go.

Explaining that women seek shelter in "droves," a DASH representative described their dilemma as sad and frightening. She offered this example:

A woman came in last week. She and her husband lived next door to his parents and she wanted to get out. Where can she go? Her family is not very sympathetic. She has no money, no education. She has two kids and she can't even leave and go to her mother-in-law's—he's right there.

At the time of this writing there are eleven Spouse Abuse Centers in Kentucky. They are limited to the number of women they can serve and frequently have a waiting list or refer women to other crisis shelters such as the Salvation Army.

These centers serve purposes beyond offering shelter to women and their children. Their service is twenty-four hours a day. In addition to Hot-Lines, the center workers provide supportive counseling in an attempt to link the woman with any legal, medical, employment, and/or housing services she needs. While women are in the shelters, child care and tutoring are provided. Additionally, an important function of the spouse abuse centers is to provide community education and to act as coordinators among different social service agencies which could assist their clients.

Historically, certain concerned groups such as DASH, the Department for Human Resources, and the Women's Crisis Center have arranged underground emergency housing for women in private homes, by contracting with motels for reduced rates and with established homes which house persons with different problems. This system is obviously inadequate as these sources of shelter are limited and the logistics of arranging access to such shelter arrangements require a finesse that is often unachievable.

Groups such as DASH, the Women's Crisis Center in Covington, and the Rape Crisis Center in Owensboro, are important sources of aid for women who are victims of violence either at the hands

of their spouses or strangers. The role, described by one individual, of these centers is that of victim advocates:

That's what we call our volunteer counselors. That's what we say to the community. . . . We also see ourselves as an educational agency. We do maintain a speakers bureau, we have files, we do research, and we make presentations to any community group on issues of rape and battering. . . . In terms of rape victims or battering, we have a 24-hour crisis line. . . . and are capable of responding both over the phone and in person 24 hours a day.

This advocacy role is critical in supporting the woman in her decisions and in interceding with social services agencies or the courts, if she is not getting a proper response. In addition, these victim advocates escort the woman through any long-term process involved in the legal system. Ultimately, as Sue Cassidy said of the relationship of the Women's Crisis Center and the battered woman, "She initiates the services, she terminates the services. We're there as long as she needs us, when she wants us."

Legal Aid

The significance of adequate legal counsel for an abused woman has been previously discussed. These women are frequently in a state of shock, tend to form highly dependent relationships with their attorneys, and are unable by themselves to understand the requirements of the legal system. To seek legal services and reveal the presence of battering is a public statement of her victimization and her attorney must be cognizant of that fact. Ideally, the attorney must be prepared to assist her over many hurdles and plan to retain her probably for a more extensive period of time than other clients. As one attorney said of some clients:

I have cases that I have worked on practically half time. . . . doing things like securing restraining orders, making sure the husband doesn't violate the restraining orders, dealing with custody issues that come up right away, dealing with support issues that come up right away. . . . Because she may be seriously emotionally upset at the time she seeks the divorce, she tends to call two or three times a day which is difficult to handle.

For those women who lack the money necessary to hire a private attorney, legal services may be obtained from various Legal Aid groups in the state; however, these agencies offer assistance only for civil cases. For a battered woman, this means she must be seeking a divorce or involved in some type of civil litigation in the Circuit Court. Many Legal Aid groups seem more attuned to the existence and needs of the victims of spouse abuse than other agencies which may be a result of the burgeoning number of women attorneys and paralegals who work in these legal agencies. If a woman acknowledges being battered, ordinarily her case will be given priority for attention over other individuals seeking divorces.

Policies seem to vary among income eligibility requirements with some Legal Aid groups referring women to private attorneys if their husbands earn more than their guidelines state:

We screen people over the phone before they ever get into our office. The receptionist screens them on income so chances are they would see a private attorney. . . . There are provisions if the woman files for divorce, if she's a homemaker or something and won't have any income or access to funds, the attorney who represents her can seek attorney fees for the action. . . . We encourage that.

Other agencies consider the woman and children as family excluding the husband and income. This policy is found in the Louisville Legal Aid group which also has a battered woman's program staffed by two advocates who work only with victims of spouse abuse. Penny Campbell, who has shaped the program, said the program's purpose is to offer women more immediate services in recognition of the emergency nature of their cases:

The woman sees us much more quickly — three to four days versus the six to eight weeks ordinarily characteristic of seeing an attorney. We are specially trained in how to do restraining orders and orders to vacate. We counsel them about taking criminal warrants, processing them, and the realistic expectations they should have about the consequences of this act. We accompany them to warrant court and act as advocates with the prosecutors. We facilitate the divorce process and assist with any problems relating to violation of restraining orders, issues of child support, visitation rights, and debt payment. We act as advocates, offering a consistent source of support and frequently referring them to other agencies in the community when necessary.

Most women believe Legal Aid services are available only for a lower income group which is largely true in light of their eligibility rules. However, in many cases, legal aid programs will be able to refer those individuals who are in need of legal assistance, but who do not meet income requirements, to attorneys in private practice who are knowledgeable about spouse abuse and willing to assume those cases. In this sense, these agencies may be used as a resource by any woman seeking legal counsel.

CONCLUSION

The Louis Harris Poll reported that more than one in five Kentucky women have been victimized at some time by some violent act by their spouse, with almost nine percent of these women experiencing severe abuse. For most individuals, the prevalence of this crime comes as a surprise. However, that wife abuse is such a remarkably well-hidden crime is understandable as families seek to prevent public knowledge of its existence and public officials and agencies in the community function in a manner to solidify this secrecy. Consequently, there exists an urgent need to acknowledge wife battering as a serious and pervasive crime in Kentucky. Efforts are required to alter commonly held erroneous beliefs, to change negative responses of public officials and to increase radically the scope of competent services available to victims of domestic assault. Not only is it necessary to attend to the needs of the victim, but, as an equal priority, focus must be turned to the man who batters as he is the perpetrator of the attack. This would necessitate broadening the perspective on spouse abuse to assigning responsibility for change more realistically to the man who assaults his wife.

Presently, the potential for a battered woman in Kentucky to live free of threats and assaults is tenuous at best. If a woman becomes the victim of assault from her spouse, the probabilities are she will remain a victim, particularly in the rural areas of the state where her prospects of receiving assistance range from being severely limited to nonexistent. The woman's socialization, the community, and law enforcement agencies all act to constrain her to remain in a battering relationship. Moreover, assigning her the blame, treating domestic violence as a private affair, and ignoring or minimizing the magnitude of the crime subtly maintains or encourages continuation of the activity. Social service agencies, in reality, do little to intervene effectively and assist the woman in altering her situation. Effective service delivery is complicated by lack of funds, personnel, and issues of territorial prerogative which block communication among helping personnel. Ultimately, the woman is treated in a punitive manner by the community for suffering crimes she cannot control.

The impact of battering on the family is clearly significant. All members become unsuspecting accomplices to a crime. Confusion develops in children about the nature of intimacy—confusion about the enigma of loving and battering co-existing in the same relationship. In relationships with chronic psychological and physical abuse, children perceive that loving someone makes it alright to also assault them. Children, as well as adults involved, become accomplished distorters of the truth, rationalizing the violence that is present within their family.

The focus of attention on the battered woman both as a victim and as complainant in the legal system, in lieu of the man who commits the crime, is ironic. The fact that such a large number of men incorporate battering as a form of interaction and are allowed to continue without punishment raises questions about the sincerity of the law enforcement agencies in their stand against criminal behavior. It also may be indicative of what is considered criminal in our society. From the information gathered for this report, it is clear that official behavior acts to condone rather than censor assaults by a husband on his wife.

A major obstacle to changing the status of wife battering from that of a problem with serious social implications to that of a crime appears to be the belief that the relationship among family members is a personal matter not to be interfered with by individuals outside the home. Moreover,

myths about the battered wife and beliefs about the authoritarian role of the husband in relationship to his wife allow him wide latitude in his treatment of her.

The secrecy with which spouse abuse is treated must be dispelled. In order to encourage women to come forth to acknowledge themselves as abused spouses, the community must be knowledgeable and sympathetic. The battered woman must have access to immediate support and assistance in the form of protection and, if necessary, housing and financial aid until she is stabilized to care for herself and her children.

This type of community support, protection, and aid comes after the fact. Ideally, attempts should be made to ameliorate or to diminish the possibility of abuse ever occurring. Diminishing the possibility requires basic changes in beliefs about violence as acceptable behavior and in the status of women or wives in relation to men or their husbands. To continue to socialize women to become victims is a subtle, but powerful, factor in bolstering the possibilities of violence being allowed as a method of coercion and control within a family relationship. Being socialized to depend on men for their status and livelihood, as well as their personal definition of themselves, makes them vulnerable to continuing arbitrary and violent behavior of their spouses. In addition, men are conceded, as part of their traditional training in masculinity, the use of physical aggression as a proper and certainly efficient means of communication and control. To continue to establish these prerequisites is to continue the support for the institutionalization of marital violence.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹ Richard Gelles, *The Violent Home*, Beverly Hills: Sage Publications, 1972. P. 15
- ² Marvin E. Wolfgang, "Family Violence and Criminal Behavior", *Bulletin of American Academy of Psychiatry and Law*, 1976. P. 322
- ³ Lenore E. Walker, *The Battered Woman*, New York: Harper and Row Publishers, 1979. P. 32
- ⁴ *Ibid.* P. IX
- ⁵ Richard Gelles, *The Violent Home*, Beverly Hills: Sage Publications, 1972. P. 42
- ⁶ Mark A. Schulman, *A Survey of Spousal Violence Against Women in Kentucky*, Louis Harris and Associates, Inc., July 1979 (Study No. 792701). P. 3
- ⁷ Lenore Walker, *The Battered Woman*, New York: Harper and Row Publishers, 1979. Pp. 49-50
- ⁸ *Ibid.*, P. 52

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